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JANUARY 1957

VOL. 54 NO. 1

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INSIDE INFORMATION

Beth Patrick (page 24) is twenty-nine, married to the assistant editor of a Sunday newspaper. She lives in a "hideous house in Kensington—I hate it and everything in it"; wants to buy a cottage in the country, "but close enough to London for Victor to catch a train on press nights." Plans have been upset by the purchase of a large and ancient Mercédès. She is an Australian (home-town Sydney), has been three years in Britain. Drifted into journalism because she happened to walk past the "Sydney Morning Herald" office one day, liked the building, decided she'd like to work there, walked in and got a job! With her here: nine-month-old son, Iain.

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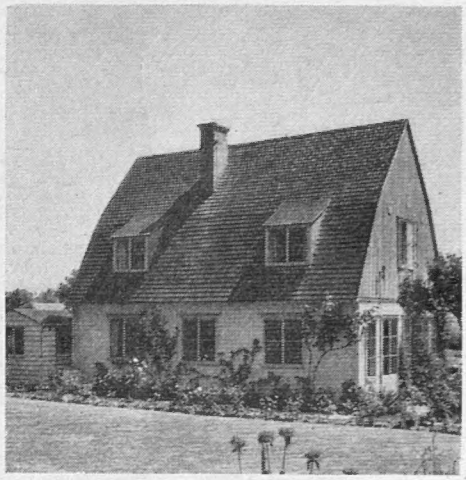

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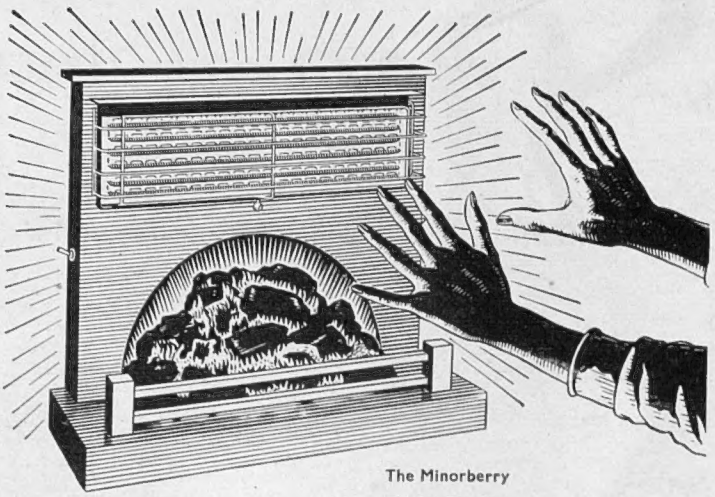

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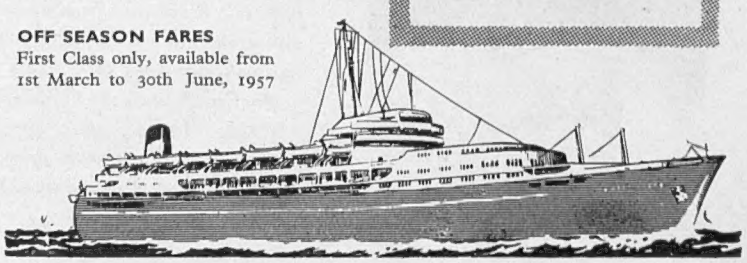

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Do you dread the cold weather?

Have you found yourself—lately—feeling the cold perhaps more than you used to? Ever caught yourself thinking that keeping warm was hard enough, but staying smart as well was an uphill struggle? If you have, there's a new kind of nylons in the shops which you ought to look at—Crepe nylons. They have great warmth and comfort: they really do protect your feet and ankles from the cold. At the same time, while they aren't transparent, they have a sleek clinging fit that flatters your legs, and all nylon's springy resistance to everyday stresses and strains. They do cost a little more than ordinary nylons—but they're well worth it.

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In smooth crepe or lace-knit—have you seen them?

Surprise your guests with an

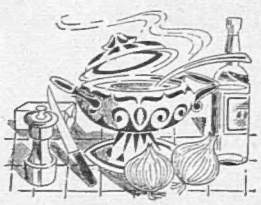
Evening a la Francaise

says Constance Osborn.

The next time you have a few friends to dinner, why not follow the example of Lady Osborn. Entertain your guests with an evening à la Française: typically French food prepared and served the way they do it in Paris or Nice or Aix-en-Provence. Flan de Printemps, say, for the main course, together with wines and, of course, flowers for table decoration — the small touches that make eating on the Continent so much more exciting.

THAT CONTINENTAL FLAVOUR

The first course presents no problems. Soup served with buttered toast starts off a meal with just that right touch of piquancy. But here's a tip. Don't try to compete with Maggi for soups. Maggi Soups are made from exclusive Continental recipes, and they have that real Continental flavour to distinction.



TEN EXCITING VARIETIES

There are ten varieties of Maggi Soup, and each one is different, deliciously different, from any other soup you have ever tasted. That explains why Maggi is one of the best kept secrets of many celebrated chefs.

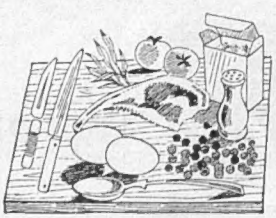
Another thing about Maggi Soups—they are so simple to prepare. You just add the contents of a 1/6d. packet to boiling water, bring to the boil, and simmer for some minutes. Voilà—all the goodness, all the natural flavour that ordinarily comes with six to seven hour's slow simmering, captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi knows how. That means more time for the rest of the meal.

FLAN DE PRINTEMPS

Here is a recipe particularly popular all over France.

4 Cooked Lamb Chops
2 Hard Boiled Eggs
2 Medium Size Firm Tomatoes
4 Level Tablesp. Cooked Peas
Some Sprigs of Mint
½ pt. Maggi Aspic Jelly flavoured with two sprigs of mint, remove before using.

For pastry: 6 oz. flour. 1 Box Maggi Green Pea and Ham Soup or Maggi Mushroom Soup. 5 oz. Lard or Vegetable cooking fat. Rub fat into flour and Maggi Soup powder. Blend to make short crusty pastry with water or egg and water mixed. Roll out, line in a narrow shallow tin. Bake blind and cool. Cover bottom of pastry case with layer of aspic jelly—almost set—and overlap slices of tomato and hard boiled egg to divide flan case in four. Place Chop or trimmed centre part of meat on aspic. Follow with cooked peas. Repeat until each piece of meat is decorated. Coat with rest of aspic jelly and leave until set. Garnish one end of each piece of meat with sprigs of mint.



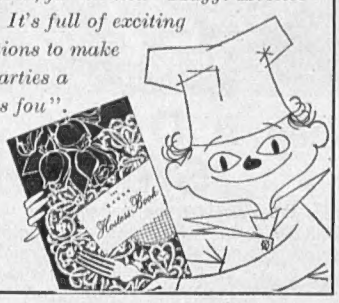
ABOUT THE WINES

To give body to a fairly light main course like Flan de Printemps, try a red Burgundy —a Nuits St. George or a Beaune, or if you prefer Claret, a St. Emilion or St. Julien.

YOUR TABLE DECOR

Finally a word about your dinner table. Make its decoration lively—but not too overpowering. A small basket covered with frilly gingham and filled with small flowers makes a pleasing centre-piece.

MAGGI HOSTESS BOOK.
Why not write to Dept. ***M404,*** *The Nestlé Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, for the new 'Maggi Hostess Book'. It's full of exciting suggestions to make your parties a "succès fou".*



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SHE TOOK HER GUN TO THE PARTY...

- *It's a woman's world—and women are starting to LIVE in it. Wives, mothers, career girls . . . holding top jobs . . . exploring, travelling, adventuring into another new year*
- *Here, in EVE's Woman's World series, is the story of Mrs. Monna Tarry, a bride who went to live with a gun by her side in the heart of Mau Mau terror country*

by JEAN DARAGON-LEWIS

A LEOPARD-SKIN cloak hangs in the wardrobe in the home of auburn-haired Mrs. Monna Tarry. To most women it would be the fulfilment of a dream. To Monna it is the symbol of twelve months of fear—*in an isolated bungalow in the heart of Kenya's Mau Mau country.*

Monna and her husband, John, were married at the beginning of 1954. Although he had no experience to help him, John decided to leave the world of business and pioneer a new career as a Kenya farmer. They sailed for Mau Mau country immediately after their wedding.

For three months John studied farming at Molo, a remote area several thousand feet above sea-level. Here the air was so rarified that even walking left Monna breathless. But in spite of that she enjoyed the walks in scenery which reminded her of home.

At the end of his apprenticeship John and Monna moved to the farming centre of Nakuru. John became assistant manager of a vast estate. Their bungalow lay twenty miles from the town of Nakuru and their nearest neighbours were five miles away.

* * *

And it was here that their months of Mau Mau fear began. Each night—and it was dark at six every night of the year—a loaded pistol was underneath their pillows when they went to bed. A shotgun stood close to hand.

Because he felt it was his duty to help stamp out the Mau Mau, John joined the Kenya Police Reserve. On an average he was called out on patrol twice a week—usually in the small hours of the morning. Monna was left to fend for herself, and, later, for their baby daughter Anne, who was born at Nakuru.

She took some comfort from the fact that round the bungalow patrolled Masai tribesmen—the most loyal and warrior-like of the Kenya tribes.

"They were wonderful men to look at," says Monna, "with red fuzzy hair

(*Continued overleaf.*)

She took her gun...

(*Continued from previous page*)

A symbol of former terror becomes a leopard-skin play rug for the Tarry children

and armed with swords and spears. And they hated the Kikuyu."

By day, Monna became a prisoner in the bungalow and surrounding garden. She could go out only when John accompanied her, armed with a gun. Twice a week they drove—*still armed*—to Nakuru to shop. The rest of the household needs were bought each day by their houseboy, a member of the Marangoli tribe, who bicycled the eight miles to the shop.

John, too, found life difficult. For years the work of the estates had been done by the Kikuyu, who were the most intelligent and easily trained of the tribesmen. Mau Mau had taken them from the land and only those who remained loyal after careful screening were available for work.

* * *

"Even then," said Monna, "there was the danger that Mau Mau would intimidate them away from their employers."

Established farmers, who should have been reaping some benefit from their labours, were still in difficulties. They could not leave their farms for even a few days, and the hopes of visits "home"—the high spots in the lives of their wives—receded.

Monna found that a few of the women became resentful—particularly towards someone like herself who could still return home because her husband had not yet bought his own farm.

But even the fear of Mau Mau could *not* stop the wives from entertaining. Neighbours still drove in from miles around for cocktail parties—*but with their party clothes they wore guns and the children came too.*

Babies and older children were bedded down in one of the rooms before the party started.

"It was amazing how adaptable the children were when it came to sleeping in other people's houses," said Monna.

Other entertainment they made in their own homes—reading by the oil lamps, listening to the radio. John and Monna played gramophone records on a record-player worked off batteries.

At the end of a year of this kind of living John and Monna had to make their decision—to sink all their savings into a farm of their own or to return home.

Mau Mau had not yet been stamped out. Labour for farms would probably be difficult for years and there would be little hope of ever paying one of those visits "home."

Although she did not pine for city life—even though before her marriage she had spent four years in New York—Monna was none too keen to rusticate in a Kenya bungalow, twenty miles from the nearest town.

To bring up a child would not be easy. Although water was laid on to the bungalow it was a dirty-brown colour and quite unsuitable for a baby.

Every drop of water she gave to Anne had to be pure rain water which she filtered and sterilised.

Each room in the bungalow led on to the verandah. Anne, when she became old enough, would be unable to have a room of her own—Monna knew she would be afraid to let her sleep alone because of the danger of terrorists breaking in.

* * *

Above all, she feared that she might become resentful of the strange and dangerous way of life—a resentment which could ultimately drive a wedge between husband and wife.

But before making their decision they toured the other big farming centres of Kenya to see if life could be different. *In the end they packed their bags and flew out of Kenya for ever.*

For Monna it ended a year of living with fear. John still had a yen to farm but found it much too costly to establish himself as a farmer over here.

Now they live with their two children in a charming house at Woldingham, Surrey. John is a business man once again and Monna has joined the ranks of suburban wives and mothers—and loves it.

And the leopard-skin coat? It was made from one of two leopards trapped and shot by John—the other skin covers a couch. For Monna it will always be the symbol of her Kenya story.

NOW THE

Here's the answer to a career woman's dream—the cooker which switches ON and OFF by itself

by JANE COTTOM

ENTERTAINING sounds simple enough—except when you are one of the thousands of women who are at work all day. Why, oh why, does everything have to go wrong then—just when you want it so right?

You know how it is . . . queueing in the shop, dashing for the bus, all the traffic lights against you on the way home—you 'd get out and run if it weren't for the rain and the two miles to go.

Home at last . . . what 's the time? Past six—they 'll be here in less than an hour! A tin of soup—where 's the opener? If you doctor the soup with wine and herbs no one will guess it came out of a can. . . .

Quarter to seven . . . still frantically preparing. The door bell rings. Why are guests *never* late just when you pray hardest they will be?

Now they crowd gaily into the kitchen, stoutly ignoring the chaos, plying you with your own sherry, offering helplessly to help—and getting in the way instead.

Familiar? But so unnecessary now. Time-control cookers, designed to take care of this problem, are now being made by several firms. Or if your electric oven is thermostatically controlled, you can simply fix a time switch to the wall.

Mrs. Suzanne Goodwin, a member of the EVE Housewives' Panel, has had experience of the old and the new way of entertaining guests to dinner. For a long time she had a "chop-and-omelette

Here—on the Creda Super Comet—is the secret. Set the three dials on the time-control panel for a ready-to-serve meal

MAGIC STOVE

mentality." She found the old way "a nightmare," is enthusiastic about the new one.

She admits that it, too, has its difficulties, but because it does away with the problem of *time* when none is available, she can now afford to experiment.

She can plan well ahead for a delicious meal that would normally take her hours to cook. The night before, she makes her preliminary preparations, the next morning puts everything in the oven, and sets the timer to begin the actual cooking later on in the day, *while she is at the office*. The timer will then cut the heat off at exactly the right time in the evening. A few last-minute touches . . . and dinner is served.

Sounds simple, and fundamentally it is. You still use the main principles of cooking: same time, same temperature, and same position in the oven. It seems incredible, but you can even bake a Yorkshire pudding or a soufflé from cold—I know, I 've tried.

BUT there are two points about this revolutionary method which must be borne in mind. The first is that the food is put into a cold oven, which then warms up. Secondly, plan the menu with food that takes about the same oven temperature, and position them according to the length of time the meal requires for cooking—remembering that it is always governed by meat or a main dish.

Suzanne now finds that instead of judging the time at which various dishes are put into the oven so as to have everything ready together, she now has to combine or prepare them in such a way that they will either all cook together or will not spoil if they are all left until the slower ones are done.

She gave me two tips which are a great help. Use aluminium foil to seal those dishes which might otherwise boil dry before they are cooked. The other is to keep fruit and vegetables as large as possible when they are cooked with, for instance, a roast.

To demonstrate what time-control cooking can do, Suzanne invited me to watch her prepare a complete meal one morning, and dine with her that evening. Her menu was: cream of mushroom soup, crown of lamb with roast and Duchesse potatoes, spinach, carrot rings, sprigs of cauliflower, and cutaway pie.

THE butcher had already chined, trimmed ands kewered two loins of lamb into the shape of a crown. She put it into a meat tin without any fat, then peeled and dried the potatoes. To prevent them discolouring, she dipped them twice into melted fat, letting the first coat congeal before dipping the second time. They were placed around the lamb, and the tin put on the bottom shelf of the oven.

Now she peeled 2½ lb. of potatoes and put them on to boil. Next, she stewed 1 lb. of unpeeled mushrooms and stalks in enough stock to cover them, with seasoning, then sieved them into a casserole, adding 1½ pints of stock. She covered it tightly with aluminium foil and placed it on the middle shelf.

HOME FROM WORK — DINNER IS WAITING

To make the Duchesse potatoes, she drained and mashed them thoroughly when soft and beat in a good ounce of butter, two beaten eggs, seasoning and enough milk to make them creamy but firm enough to stand in peaks. She forced them through a piping tube and made little pyramids in a deep greased dish. She added a dot of butter on top of each, covered the whole dish with foil, and placed it beside the soup.

For the cutaway pie, she made short crust pastry, cut it into fancy shapes and placed them across plenty of bottled plums in a pie-dish. This she stood on a baking-dish in case the fruit boiled over, then put it beside the soup.

The cleaned vegetables were put whole into three fireproof dishes. Less water was added to the spinach than to the carrots and cauliflower, and the cauliflower was stood upright. All three were salted, sealed with foil, and placed on the top shelf.

All this was done by nine o'clock. Before Suzanne left for the office she set the timers so that the oven would switch on at 400 degs. F. at 5.45 p.m. . . .

We got home an hour later. A wonderful smell of cooking met us at the door. Suzanne had timed it perfectly. Everything was beautifully cooked and all she had to do was to give a few finishing touches to the ready-to-serve meal.

The pie was garnished with whipped cream. She made a rue of 1½ ozs. each of butter and plain flour, added it to the soup and brought it to the boil on the hob. Around a bed of spinach in the vegetable dish she put carrot rings, with sprigs of cauliflower across. Lastly—the gravy.

We sat down to eat at 7.15—to a meal that looked as if it had taken her half the afternoon to prepare and cook!

WHAT NOW FOR THE GAY PRINCESS?

The Princess—and admirer during her African tour. "In Trinidad they still sing her praises"

Give her a worthwhile job to do for Britain—and end the present round of superficial ceremonies, says a special correspondent

WHAT does the future hold for Princess Margaret, this young woman whose love became a headline, whose trysts were shared by the world ?

For five years now she has laid foundation-stones, opened this and that, been pleased to become president of the other. All very worthy. Someone has to take the salute. *But is it the kind of thing she should continue to do much longer?*

Need she be condemned to a superficial round of routine ceremonies which are really more appropriate to Lord Mayors ? (They only have to do it for a year anyway.)

It is not necessary to flatter Princess Margaret or tread the sycophantic path of court chroniclers. Without straining the facts at all, she may be said to be a lovely young woman. That is self-evident.

AND on the known facts of her friendship with Group Captain Peter Townsend, she has a very high sense of duty and what is right. It is not easy to let the mind lead the heart.

Many people still think she put what she regarded as her duty too far ahead of her natural emotions. But she did it—yielding to what pressures we may never know. By doing so she increased her stature. She proved that she could make a great personal and, to some extent, a constitutional decision.

She is now twenty-six. She can't take a fashionable and interesting job, like some of the young people of her set. *But she has shown by her tours of the Caribbean and East Africa that she can spread an enormous amount of goodwill in the Commonwealth. Is this something we can afford to ignore?*

They still sing a calypso about her in Trinidad. America would rave over her. Let us make the best possible use of her—if that is what she would like.

This is assuming, of course, that she will not marry yet. It may well be that she will not fall in love again soon. It is unlikely that she will never love again : but the heart's convalescence is sometimes over-long.

SHE IS ESSENTIALLY A MODERN GIRL. WHY SHOULD SHE NOT BECOME GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF A MODERN COUNTRY—SAY CANADA OR AUSTRALIA ?

There is little doubt that either of these expanding dominions would welcome her as a symbol of their own youth and vitality. She has been trained in one of the most dedicated generations of the Royal Family. She is entirely suited for such a position.

IT *may be slightly unusual to suggest her for a niche often associated with retired generals and the like. But she is an unusual young woman. She is very strong-willed. It has been said that she likes to dominate her set—particularly the rather gay young men who attend upon her.*

If this is so it is not remarkable. She is the younger daughter in a small family. And the Royal Family, behind the scenes, is much the same as any other family. Younger daughters sometimes tend to get spoiled a little. It is sometimes difficult to relinquish the pleasure of getting your own way.

And Margaret has the disadvantage of being an adult woman still living in her mother's house. She has a great deal of freedom and responsibility of her own, but it is not the same as being mistress of your own household.

These are the kind of things which may show up in occasional petulance. They are also the kind of symptoms that disappear when the cause is removed.

Princess Margaret's strong will and determination to assert it was apparent at quite an early age. By sixteen she had very definite ideas about what she wanted to wear.

Black gowns fascinated her. But her mother said " no." Black was much too severe for a young girl. Other colours were suggested. " Black," said Princess Margaret.

Eventually she got her way and had a flowing black dress made. She wore it to a party—but it aroused little interest among the fashion-conscious.

Like so many younger daughters, she was a favourite of her father's. Nothing delighted him more than for her to come in for his approval when she was dressed for a party. And, of course, she invariably got it.

Clothes have always fascinated Margaret.

Even during her schooldays at Buckingham Palace she preferred drawing women in flowing dresses to arithmetic. Often she was caught using her mother's make-up.

AT sixteen she said : " I want to lead fashion. Wait until I 'm about thirty." Perhaps the black dress of that time was not the success she expected. But she now wears more than 150 dresses and gowns in a year, twenty different fur coats and up to fifty different hats and pairs of shoes.

She was one of the first women in the Royal Family to wear a strapless evening gown in public. She is the " model " for thousands of girls in Britain. Clothes made for her tours are copied by manufacturers and rushed into the shops to be bought off the peg.

So she *has* become a leader of fashion.

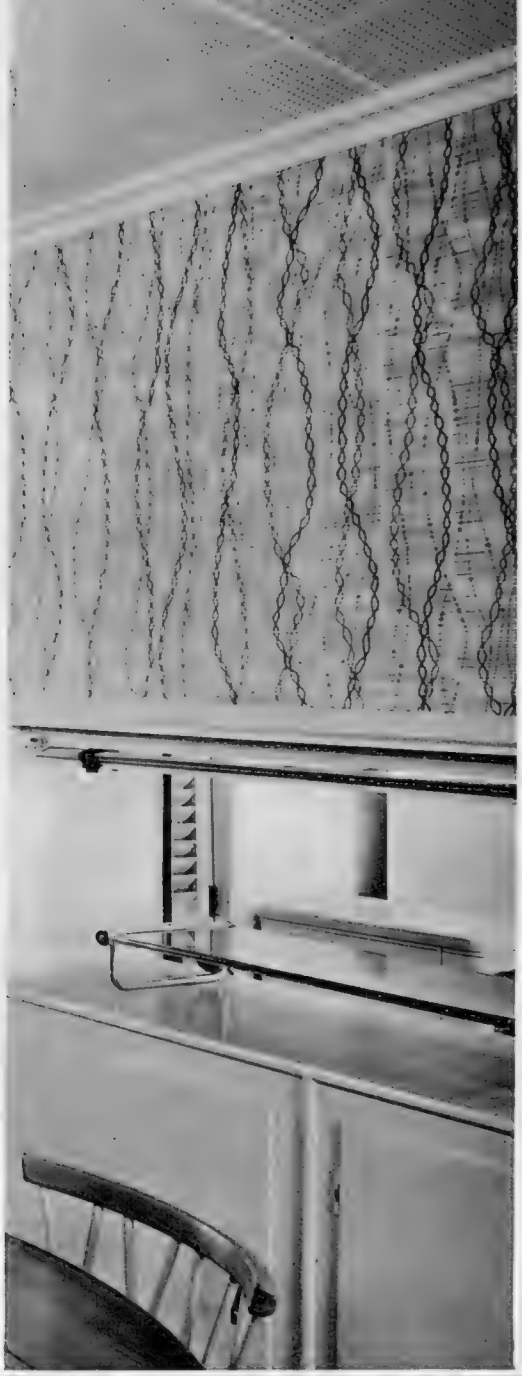
Many of her dresses are full skirted to emphasise her tiny waist. It seldom varies from 23 ins. She is only 5 ft. 1 in. but appears taller because she is never without high heels.

She likes to experiment with clothes. Some of the *(Continued on page 30)*

'MAKE HER GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

OR AUSTRALIA'

Above : *Light and spaciousness is the keynote of the living-room, seen here from the dinette end. This room runs the length of the house, is divided from the entrance hall only by a wrought-iron balustrade. The 21-in. TV set by English Electric is for adults only—the tots have their own in the recreation room ! Colour scheme—Tudor red and black for upholstery and wall-papers.* Left : *Looking into the living-room from the front door. The dinette end, with access to the kitchen through the serving hatch, is papered. Skirting-type central heating means fires on only the coldest days*



American architect Herman York designed it, Leicester builder Frank Simpson built it. The result of this Anglo-American partnership—

'AMERICAN LOOK' FOR AN ENGLISH HOME...

From the outside the house looks like an ordinary two-storey dwelling. In fact it has a semi-basement (for the oil-fired boiler), a semi-ground floor and a first floor. The design, by Herman York, A.I.A., incorporates techniques widely used in middle-income houses in the United States. The low-pitched roof is of green asphalt tiles and the upper floor is hung with green cedar-wood shingles. Inside, it is a woman's dream. Cost ?—excluding land, £4,600

* * *

Easy-to-work-in, uncluttered American-type kitchen is only a dream for most British women. Formica counter-top runs to the sink; English Electric raised-oven cooker saves bending and a tumbler dryer is placed so that it can be used as a working surface from cooker to sink. The walls are tiled all the way up to the ceiling

DREAM HOME

Furnishing a house with thirty rooms (and an indoor swimming pool) was no problem—all I needed was a camp-bed, three mats for parties and a few pots and pans. It only took a minute to move in . . .

by BARBARA TOY

RENT WAS £1 A WEEK—INCL. DATES

Robir, my boy, went to the market each morning and carried the shopping home in a corner of his scarf

Fatma filled water jars and swept the rooms. The beggar in the courtyard was part of my household

IN SEYUIN...

I HAVE kept house in Australia, Capri and Finland. I have served cold beer in a doll's house flat in London, and hot rum with almonds in Helsinki.

But I sometimes think the loveliest and simplest housekeeping I have ever done was in Southern Arabia. For six months my home was a thirty-roomed house with a swimming-pool indoors. From day to day I didn't know who my guests would be—the doors to my house were always open and guests just arrived and sat down.

They sat on the three mats on which I have given some of the best parties of my life.

Seyuin, where I was staying, is the capital of the Kathiri State. The spread of white houses and palms set between two heads of rock is dominated by the Sultan's Palace, a huge structure with turrets, ramparts, towers and beautifully patterned roofs. It looks just like a palace out of the story-books. The Sultan was a democratic little man, and in the cool of the evening I would see him sitting on the hospital steps near the centre of the oasis, chatting with his friends.

Summer was coming, the few European women had left, and when the monsoons started it was impossible for me to leave by the coast. So I decided to take a house in Seyuin until the monsoons broke. (*Continued overleaf*)

FROM ONE PALM TREE

HOME FROM THE OASIS: BARBARA AND POLLYANNA

(*Continued from previous page*)

Finding a house is very simple. It is every man's ambition in these valleys to go abroad, make money and return home to build a house. If a diversion is needed, he will build another house. There are always plenty of white spacious houses waiting to be used and lived in.

I saw many of them, but I knew it would have to be the House of Bakrani the moment I passed through its high wooden gates. It stood in an enormous walled garden and was surrounded by the highest, most inquisitive palm trees I have ever seen. It looked far too solid to be made of mud bricks. It was three storeys high and fell away in tiers, leaving walled roofs which are called *Rheims* and are used all the time, once the sun has left them.

The flat roof and most of the *Rheims* had been washed with lime, which glared white in the sunshine. The windows had no glass, but the frames and shutters were of carved teak wood. The surrounding walls had been left in their natural state and were mud-coloured.

I WALKED round the house which was to be my home—through a courtyard enclosed in mud walls and into a dark passageway which led by wide, limed steps to the first floor. The massive steps and thick walls gave the place the feeling of a fortress. A light well for drafts, open to the sky, ran up the centre of the house and around it was a wide passageway on each floor which led off to many other passages and rooms. It was a long time before I learnt the design of my house. *After I had lived there six months there were still rooms which I had never entered.*

Each room had thick pillars in the centre and the decorative windows came right down to the floor. There were many shelves recessed in the thick walls. All the doors were white with lime and their plain clean line made them look like a contemporary house in England. The main lounge led on to a *Rheim*, which was about 30 ft. square. It had an ornate balustrade and the high palms looked down on to it.

Everywhere there seemed to be bathrooms, or *zulies*—bare little rooms, white and clean, with two holes in the floor, one for toilet and the other for drainage. Here, in one corner, huge earthenware jars, bought for four shillings from the market, held water for washing.

I asked my guide to take me to the kitchen. It was large and unpainted and, at one end, open to the sky. A raised platform, with six pockets of various sizes for charcoal, was the stove. Near at hand was an earthenware jar for water.

On the ground floor, near the well, was the indoor swimming-pool, or *jabia*, which made it possible to withstand the heat of the summer months. Most Hadhrami houses have one—mine was about 15 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, with a long platform at one end. It was filled each day and the old water used for the garden.

"What do you think of it?" asked Abdullah, the young schoolmaster who was showing me round the house, which belonged to his grandfather.

"I love it," I said simply. It was impossible to bargain or be clever. I had fallen in love with the House of Bakrani.

"My grandfather is very clever, he will overcharge you," Abdullah said, disarmingly.

And he did. I paid 8os. a month ; almost double what I should have paid. It included, however, the services of Salih to fill the *jabia* ; and the dates from one palm tree which looked down on the large *Rheim* and was known as Umm Rashid.

The move was the simplest I have ever made. From my Land Rover, Pollyanna, I took my camp-bed, one rug, a round straw eating mat and my sand-fly sleeping net. Robir set my camp-bed up in the room facing south, to be moved out on to the *Rheim* when night came. He put my two suitcases of clothes in the little dressing-room and hammered wooden plugs into the soft walls on which I could hang my dresses. Our few cooking utensils and pots were put in the kitchen.

" What about furniture ? " I asked Robir as we sat sipping tea from little glasses, after the move had been completed.

He looked serious. " Yes, indeed," he said, " we need some furniture."

My heart sank. Where, in this place where everybody lived on the floor, was I to find furniture and what would it cost ?

" What do we need ? " I asked.

" We must go," said Robir, " when it is cool, and buy an entertaining mat."

That evening we returned from the market with a large blue-and-green mat which had cost 25s. " Now," said Robir, importantly, as he placed it on the large *Rheim*, " now we can entertain."

The house was furnished.

EACH morning the Dobie arrived for the laundry. A tall thin man, he would come across the garden threading his way through the palm trees with his bundle on his back and sit for hours, if necessary, waiting for me ; for to collect and deliver the laundry was a social, as well as a business, occasion.

In the outer court sat my beggar. He made a beautiful picture in the clear early light as the shadows from the giant palm leaves flickered over his sun-drenched clothes, which were the colour of the rich-coloured sand. His old face, with its myriads of happy wrinkles, turned expectantly now and then towards my *Rheim*, for he was part of my household now and received a few pence from me each day.

Shopping in Seyuin was easy, but as no respectable woman does her own shopping, either her husband or her servant must do it for her. Some tinned foods could be bought in the little shops, but it was better to eat native fashion. Goat and lamb were killed each morning and there were tomatoes, eggs and onions. " Ladies' fingers " and a rough kind of spinach were the only greens, while limes, which cost less than a halfpenny each, made a good cool drink.

Robir would go to the market every day and return with these provisions tied up in one corner of his kuffiya. This was all the housekeeping of the day and cost me three or four shillings.

We bought two more mats and now, with three, I became someone of standing in the oasis. Each day, as the sun moved slowly over Bakrani, I would move also, Robir bringing the three mats after me into the cooler rooms.

Except for the stark heat of midday when everybody slept, there was a social air about Bakrani and at all times I would hear the clip-clop of the native slippers as a guest arrived up the high wide steps, for a chat and a glass of tea.

So the months passed, entertaining, visiting, watching the dances at festival time, listening to gossip, while I waited for the rains that would herald the break of the monsoon.

ONE evening while a group of us sat on the large *Rheim* and the brilliant moonlight made lamps unnecessary, there was a thunderstorm. No rain fell near us, but twenty minutes later we heard the women's warbling cry which heralds the rains, and the water came rushing down the side valleys and was soon moving in a steady stream along the wide sand roads each side of the house. All through the night there were great celebrations welcoming the rain as it spread to the valley.

Next morning I listened, amazed. All was still.

I went up on to the roof of my house. Everything around us was fresh and looked incredibly green. The hundreds of wells were silent. With the coming of the rains, the monsoon would be breaking.

I looked at our well, but it was lifeless and still. No Dobie picked his way across the sodden sand ; and the old beggar's pitch was under water.

" Come," I said to Robir, when I went downstairs, " we leave this morning for the coast."

There isn't much packing to be done if you live in Seyuin.

The Water Man sang an endless song to his donkey as all day long they walked up and down the ramp to the well. His wife walked with him, plaiting strips of palm leaf

I had so many rooms in my house that I never found my way to all of them. The Sultan had even more—his huge fairytale palace dominated Seyuin

SECURITY AFFAIR

His chance to escape was slipping away and she dare not warn him . . . they had called him a traitor and she had to set the trap

by NIGEL SLIGH

EVERYTHING fitted, but she had to be certain. If not, the man now buying a tie in Charvet's would certainly end up dead, possibly in the Seine, his expensive tie quite irretrievably ruined.

She waited, staring at a bracelet on a square of black velvet, while behind her the racing traffic of Paris went round and round as if the Place Vendome was a track.

She moved to the next window, pausing to examine some exquisite Directoire chairs. A slanting reflection of herself came back from the highly polished window, showing the turn of an ankle above a high heel, and the hang of her skirt—but the expression on her face startled her.

Grimly she reminded herself that she had a part to play: a woman idling away part of a May morning in Paris, about to accost a man whom even Security admitted was physically most presentable.

Then smile, she told herself, but the grimace in the window was a ghastly caricature. All at once she hated this job, the sort of job she had never envisaged when her firm loaned her to Security.

ONCE more she looked at her watch. How long did a man take choosing a tie?

She went back to the diamond bracelet, but as she turned, Robert Crossman came out of Charvet's, a small parcel under one arm. At once she left the window. They came together obliquely, waiting almost shoulder to shoulder for the traffic to stop before they stepped into the road.

One of the high heels rocked, her ankle went over, and she actually felt a twinge of pain. As she had hoped, he caught her arm.

For a brief moment they stood on a traffic island. "I *am* sorry. That was stupid of me. Thank you so much."

"Is your ankle all right?"

Even the voice fitted. It sounded the voice Crossman would have: educated, agreeable.

"I'm not sure. I think I'd better sit for a few minutes."

"Let's go over to that café."

"Oh, but it's such a bore for you——"

There was a traffic lull and he took hold of her again, guiding her across the street. To her surprise, his hand on her arm was pleasant. Did *this* fit?

They sat under a striped awning. "What would you like? Coffee?"

"Thank you."

He put his hat down on a spare chair. Dark brown hair, parted on the right. Everything fitted.

To play her part, she stretched out one leg, easing the shoe, slowly swinging her foot.

"Is it all right?"

"I think so. I couldn't help buying these shoes, but the heels are death-traps."

He didn't take the opportunity of paying her the obvious compliment which she had half-anticipated, followed perhaps by the list of her qualities he found most endearing.

Did this omission quite fit? Glancing at him, she began to think that a lot of things didn't. He was assured and charming, yes, but there was a difference about him, almost a shyness, that she found refreshing. *And* he was attractive. Attractive and gentle. Security had dwelt on his attractions, but then they had sounded positive drawbacks, conjuring visions of a smooth, professional front.

"MY name's Philip Crossman."

Startled, she looked quickly at him, trying to mask her surprise. "Mine's Hilary Edmunds."

"On holiday?"

"I work for a travel agent and I'm checking accommodation, transport, tours. Oh, you know, all the usual things that can go wrong when we send inexperienced tourists on their first holidays."

"Then you know Paris well?"

"Not at all. That was one of the reasons my firm sent me. They said if I knew it too well I wouldn't notice the pitfalls."

A waiter came to take their order.

"I'm on holiday. I know Paris fairly well. If I could be of any help, please let me know. I'm on my own. It would help to distract me from my own unhappy frame of mind."

Surprised, she glanced at him. She hadn't expected this. Did *this* fit?

"Does your unhappy frame of mind bear telling?"

(*Continued on page* 42)

- You needn't be a Venus de Milo or a Monroe to discover the value of a good top curve. The Victorians chose Gay Deceivers to add to their charms.
- You can try diet to ease off a curve, exercise to add one on. There 's massage, plastic surgery—and nowadays bras to correct almost any figure fault.

TOO LITTLE—TOO MUCH?

CAN EASILY AFFECT

Millions worry unnecessarily, says Nan Rivers

LET 'S be honest. Every woman cares about the way she looks. If she 's at her best, so is her self-confidence.

A firm, nicely-proportioned top curve makes all the difference to looks—and the line and hang of clothes. And there 's no doubt about it—it DOES add to her sex appeal.

A perfectly-shaped bosom is relatively rare. *So many of us have either too little or too much.* And it is an unfortunate fact that the bosom all too readily deteriorates with age. Young firmness is easily destroyed by neglect—principally by lack of support, by increase or decrease in weight, especially if it is rapid, and by child-bearing. If we realise these facts we are more likely to take the necessary care to preserve a good front.

The breasts are mainly composed of glandular tissue which has no direct attachment to the body's bony structure. They are supported only by the not-very-strong muscles of the chest and by the skin. This support is not adequate to withstand the downward pull of gravity *and* the constant stretching that is imposed upon it by our various activities—especially when the breasts are large and heavy.

Here you have the whole reason for the all-too-common dropped and sagging bust-line.

The actual size of the breasts depends mainly on the glandular construction or type of the individual. Two common types are the big-bosomed, slender-legged woman and the small-breasted girl with strong, stocky legs.

Between these two are many variations. A girl of medium height (5 ft. 4 ins. to 5 ft. 6 ins.) may have a deep rib cage and a broad back with only small breasts. Or she may have a slight bone structure and " quite a lot in front." Apart from bone structure, one is endowed with more gland tissue than the other. Yet both may measure an identical 36 ins. round.

This explains why the bosom can be increased or reduced only to a limited extent by dieting, unless the weight is very much above or below normal. The girl who needs to lose only a few pounds to achieve a slim waist and hips may find, if she is naturally big-busted, that her bosom has scarcely changed at all.

On the other hand, any woman who is two or three stone over-weight may be carrying so much fat on her chest that her bust measurement can decrease by as much as 4 or 5 ins. during a course of concentrated dieting. And a woman who has been a stone or more under-weight is quite likely to develop a prettier top curve if she can put on enough to bring her up to normal.

No matter how slight the bosom, it *always* needs the support of a good brassière. If every schoolgirl was made to wear a bra from the early stages of her development, there would be a lot more women with beautiful, firm curves.

* * *

A brassière should always be expertly fitted. It is quite impossible to cater across the counter for the many individual differences in cup-size, spacing and position. A bra that fits perfectly gives the breasts a gentle lift both from above and below, so that all strain is taken off the skin and underlying muscles.

It should cling closely but without constricting, and there should be sufficient " give," by means of elastic insets and such, to allow for free movement in all sorts of activities. Straps should be adjusted so that they are taut but not tight. A garment that is too small, or too shallow in the cups, that flattens the breasts, drags them down or causes uncomfortable pressure at any point, is a menace both to looks and to health.

A scientifically-designed brassière becomes especially necessary during pregnancy and while feeding a baby, when the breasts are larger and heavier than usual. Another important point of care, for nursing mothers, is that the feeding baby should not be allowed to drag at the breast, as this can also cause stretching. During feeding, the other breast should be held supported by the brassière.

* * *

Mothers who are very heavy-breasted at this time will find it more comfortable, and much better for their figures, to sleep in a brassière. Daily massage with a good quality lubricating cream or oil—done always with upward-lifting movements—will help the breasts to regain their normal shape and will also prevent the cracking that is liable to occur, especially round the nipples.

Splashing with cold water is said to be a good tonic treatment for keeping the breasts youthfully firm. It is . . . but the operative word is " keeping." It definitely helps to preserve, but it cannot correct.

EVE'S FASHION EDITOR TELLS YOU HOW TO BUY YOUR BRA

NEVER buy a bra without trying it on first. Perfect fit is essential—both for appearance's sake and to ensure that there is no strain on the skin and muscles of your bosom. You can only get this just-right effect by trying on a number of bras in your own size. Remember, too, that to each size (34 or 36, for example) there are three cup measurements—A, B and C, meaning Small, Medium and Large.

Apart from correct sizing, there are one or two other pointers to a good, and comfortable, line. For the over-compensated, there are bras with a deep band round the diaphragm to give extra support, and padded shoulder-straps so that they do not cut into the tender flesh of the shoulders. (Maternity bras come under a different heading completely, and should be chosen and fitted with an expert from a store Maternity Department.)

For girls with a minus quantity, there are cleverly constructed deceivers : bras that are ruffled or padded to build up their shape. (There 'll be more detailed bra news in a later issue.) Finally, when you 've bought your bra, put it on the right way. Bend forward, tip yourself into it, and hook up.

TAKE A FIRM LINE—

THE WRONG CURVE

YOUR CONFIDENCE

Apart from the misguided few who are afflicted with such a craze for extreme slimness that they have lost all sense of real feminine appeal, the girl who is naturally flat-chested suffers, psychologically, just as much as the woman with too much.

By way of consolation she is often told " Don't worry, you 'll develop when you have a baby." This, unfortunately, is true only in the short-term sense. Alas, after the baby has been weaned, the breasts usually return to their original size, and after two or three children they may be even flatter than before.

Preparations that claim to develop under-sized breasts are not, in the opinion of most doctors in this country, advisable. Hormone creams and such work by stimulation of the mammary glands, and there is a perilously narrow margin between stimulation and irritation. The latter can cause cysts and possibly also a more dangerous type of growth. There is the same risk attached to the emplanting of slings, to raise pendulous breasts, or rings which claim to stimulate, and thus develop, the nerve fibres and glands.

Whether or not these things produce results, the hazard is too great to be worth while.

Although it is possible to enlarge the breasts by means of plastic surgery, the operation is very seldom done because it involves the use of fat grafts. This is not only a difficult and complicated process, but the results may not be lasting.

* * *

All this may sound discouraging, but it is better to face facts than to waste time, money and effort on fruitless hopes.

It is possible to increase the all-round chest measurement, and to firm up the curve of the bosom, by exercising ; which, although it cannot actually enlarge the breasts themselves, does considerably improve appearances.

The most effective of all " developing " exercises is deep breathing, which should be done by filling the lungs, slowly and steadily, through the nose. As the lungs fill, the ribs should expand sideways and contract again as the lungs are emptied. There should be no more than a very slight lift of the chest.

Most people only fill the top of the lungs when they breathe. They give their ribs no exercise and cut down their supply of health-and-beauty-bringing oxygen. Shallow breathing also encourages narrow-chestedness and respiratory diseases. When practising deep breathing, also learn to hold the breath as long as possible without straining. This gains the body still more oxygen and is especially helpful to the nervous system and for aiding relaxation.

* * *

Another useful exercise for strengthening the supporting muscles and giving " uplift " is this. Grasp the left wrist, from underneath, with the right hand, thumb up ; and the right wrist, from on top, with the left hand, thumb down. Hold firmly and push with both hands up towards the elbows with a sharp jerk. The pull can be felt immediately, just under each shoulder.

Practised whenever a free moment allows, this exercise makes quite a noticeable difference.

Swimming, especially back-stroke, is another good exercise. If you can't do it in the water, practise it standing up, on *terra firma*. Swing the left arm forward, up and back, stretching hard all the way round. Follow with the right arm and repeat, alternatively, until muscles begin to ache, which is the sign to stop.

Good posture can help greatly to " make the most of a little." This doesn't mean straining the shoulders back and lifting the frontage unnaturally high. It does mean a head poised perfectly level, chin neither sticking out nor pulled in ; neck relaxed, shoulders straight but easily held.

Finally, there are special brassières to help the under-endowed. Silhouette's " Hidden Treasure " is interlined and quilted to give extra curve.

" Double Treasure " has extra reinforcement that makes an even greater difference. Most haberdashery counters also stock small curved pads—Bra-fillers, or Gay Deceivers, as the Victorians used to call them—which can be slipped inside an ordinary bra.

The woman with a large bust has especial need of a good brassière, to control movement as well as to support. It should be designed with extra under-lift supplied by reinforcement under the cups, plus a band that fits round under the breasts and holds the garment firmly in position. Wide, soft straps give extra uplift and prevent any cutting into the flesh of the shoulders. For a very large bust, built-up straps, cut all of a piece with the bra, are often the best.

* * *

Abnormally large breasts on a figure that is otherwise normal in size and weight can cause misery and real psychological damage. The only way of achieving any drastic reduction is by plastic surgery. Corrective surgery of this type is known as " mammaplasty." One of the most successful methods in use to-day leaves no more than a thin, vertical scar running from beneath the nipple to just below the breast. Although a central incision is also made, the scars at this point heal quite invisibly.

In most cases, excepting those when a great deal of gland tissue is removed, the operation does not affect the patient's ability to feed a baby afterwards.

For lifting the pendulous type of breast there is another operation in which the skin is literally " tailored " into higher, firmer lines. *The method is very like upholstery, the skin being actually tacked into position before it is trimmed and finely stitched so as to leave the minimum scars.*

It takes only about ten days to recover from such an operation. Stitches are removed on the fifth day and scars continue to improve, and fade, from about twelve weeks afterwards. The cost is necessarily high—it is a highly-specialised branch of surgery needing a second assistant surgeon and a specialist anæsthetist.

But counted in terms of fresh self-confidence, improved looks and increased comfort, there are many women who consider it well worth the price.

AND YOU'LL HAVE A PERFECT SHAPE

INNOCENT ABROAD

● *I'll admit those pin-up girls have glamour, but all I could see in the beefcake boys was . . . muscles. Even their muscles seem to have muscles when they strike the classic pose . . .*

● *Steaks and stout, iron boots and barbells (and a mirror to practise those poses) are all part of the equipment for the body beautiful which brings in a fan mail like a film star's*

ONE by one a string of massive, bulky men paraded purposefully on to a little stage. They were naked but for satin briefs.

Then, complacently, each struck four poses, hollowing the stomach, expanding the chest, tensing arms and legs so that muscles bulged, jumped and writhed beneath tanned skin.

It was . . . fantastic. Even their muscles seemed to have muscles.

Teenage girls watching squealed ecstatically; teenage boys leaned forward open-mouthed. . . .

I was at a male beauty contest. These incongruous exhibitions—also known as physique contests—are taking place every week in towns throughout Britain.

But they are seldom advertised or billed. Generally they are announced only in body-building magazines.

They are part of a phenomenon of the 'fifties, the muscle cult. A cult which has its own language—words like "*squats*" and "*prones*." A cult that has its own stars, extraordinarily developed young men, most of whose names have never been heard outside the intimate world of the muscle boys and their girl friends. They may be plumbers or clerks by occupation.

But among the body-building fraternity they are worshipped with the same adoration the rock 'n' rollers accord Elvis Presley and Bill Haley. They get fan mail. Their autographs are sought.

Sets of picture postcards of them in classic poses are sold like photographs of film stars.

Top of them all is 6 ft. 1 in. and 16-stone Reg Park, twenty-eight-year-old son of a Leeds jeweller. A 53½-in. chest, 18½-in. upper arms, 2-ft.-wide shoulders and a 32-in. waist won him the title "Mr. Universe," the musclemen's highest award, in 1951 and acclamation as the finest specimen of manhood the world had ever seen.

To-day, a professional body-builder with even bigger measurements, he no longer competes but is still held to be Britain's outstanding man. He writes body-building articles and tours Britain and abroad exhibiting his torso. For a personal appearance he can command a fee that rivals a TV panellist's.

For there is money in the muscle cult. Most, perhaps, in the "I can give you a new body" business, of which the best-known practitioner is American Charles Atlas, who calls it "Dynamic Tension."

. . . VISITS THE BEEFCAKE BOYS

OH, THOSE MUSCLES! . . . I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY

Pictures: Health and Strength

He advertises in British papers: "When I say I can make you a New Man of giant power and energy I know what I'm talking about. I used to weigh only seven stone. I was a sickly scarecrow. Then I discovered Dynamic Tension. . . ."

Atlas (whose family name is Siciliano) was advertising long before the present boom began. In fact the photograph that adorns his advertisements was taken when he was in his twenties; he is now in his sixties.

There is also money in muscle-building equipment like expanders, "squat stands," wrist exercisers, iron boots, abdominal boards ("de-luxe plush-padded for your comfort") and barbells (from £3 upwards, available on hire purchase).

"The set that has turned thousands of weaklings into real he-men," declares one barbell advertiser. "Stop being a skinny runt, ashamed of your body, ridiculed by others. Make your he-man decision now."

☆ ☆ ☆

There is money in "vitamin-mineral food." ("one month's supply, 15s.; giant family package, £2").

There is money in "weight-gaining tablets" and courses to add weight. ("Why be skinny, run down? Gain more weight in ten days or money back"). In courses to add height. ("Girls love tall men. Be taller in fourteen days or money back"). While for those who can't wait fourteen days and are prepared to cheat, there are "shoes to make you two inches taller, absolutely undetectable."

There is money in magazines featuring articles like: "How I gained forty pounds of solid muscles," male pin-up pictures and photographic competitions for "the body of the month."

There is money in photographs: "A bright young star in the physique world, Dennis has a superb body matched with a smiling, handsome face. An entire set of six prints, 10s."

The ramifications of the muscle cult extend also to "posing briefs," sun-ray lamps and sun-tan oil. ("Bronze like a Greek god. Non-alcoholic, will not stain.") And even to plastic surgery for musclemen.

For the development of enormous muscles is only part of what is needed to win physique contests.

So, apart from lifting heavy barbells—basis of all body-building—they have to learn to pose, to display their bodies to the best advantage. They spend as long every day practising their poses as does a nude at the Windmill.

They go to great lengths to acquire a tan and rub salad oil on their skin so that it gleams under lights and in photographs. They remove hair from their chests and arms; hair, warts or acne can lose them a contest.

SMALL WONDER THAT MUSCLE-MEN CAN BE AS TEMPERAMENTAL AS PRIMA DONNAS—OR BEAUTY QUEENS.

In the centre of this curious world is Mr. Oscar Heidenstam. He is Mr. Muscle, carrying more weight (if you will pardon the pun) in the British muscle building business than anyone else.

Heidenstam is secretary of the National Amateur Body-Builders' Association, formed in 1951, and now claiming around six thousand members—some of them women.

Heidenstam's Association promotes the Mr. Universe contests and many others. And most independently organized contests are held under N.A.B.B.A. rules and with N.A.B.B.A.—approved judges.

☆ ☆ ☆

Heidenstam himself tours the country judging and advising. He also advises on body-building in N.A.B.B.A.'s journal *Health And Strength*, answers ten to fifteen thousand letters a year from members wanting training courses and suggestions and teaches body-building at a night school.

His qualifications: He was a top muscleman before the business became organized. He was Mr. Britain of 1937, Mr. Europe of 1939. As recently as 1953 he was runner-up for the Mr. Europe title although he is now forty-six. He still trains four nights a week.

I found him in the Association's London office. He was in shirt sleeves and his shirt was strained almost to splitting point across his huge chest. "It's 51½ inches," he said, refusing a cigarette.

Heidenstam is a pleasant, no-nonsense character, very different from some of the young musclemen, and talks frankly about points which he admits give the cult a bad name.

"I should say," he declared, "that there are about twenty-thousand practising body-builders in the country today. It's true that we used to get a lot of morons, but we're getting a better type now.

"We've banned the use of oil at N.A.B.B.A. contests now. The boys used to get it all over the chairs and it wasn't pleasant for a mayor to shake hands with someone whose hands were covered in it."

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N.A.B.B.A. has also banned facial make-up and the wearing of necklaces. "It creates a bad impression on the general public," said Mr. Heidenstam.

He disagreed with suggestions that some of the best muscled men are, despite their tremendous development or because of it, weak and clumsy. "I think most of them are strong and agile," he said. "All sorts of top athletes use weight training. But of course, development must be in proportion to the body.

"That is the order in which judges look at a body-builder: proportion, muscular development, then posture, overall health, skin, complexion and so on."

He disagreed that musclemen were fanatics. "They like a drink" he said. "Stout is very good for them of course. Some of them smoke. No, I don't thanks. They like lots of steaks, vegetables, fruit and two pints of milk a day, but they don't go in for special diets much."

Mr. Muscle chuckled. "Some men," he said, "take up body-building because their wives make them. Wives write to ask for a course for their husbands."

I measured my husband's chest when I got home. It was thirty-eight—expanded.

But rather than have him grunting with barbells on a reclining board in the kitchen, oiling himself and posing before the bedroom mirror, demanding "vitamin-mineral food" and steaks—and ending up with one of those hulking over-developed bodies—I'm content for him to stay that way.

Next month: The Innocent calls on the Men's Clubs

In the beginning: the Nordic beauty who became a legend. Was she a great actress?

Success: Mom shares the secrets of the star who started the "I want to be alone" cult

ARTHUR W. JACOBS SAYS:

LET'S DROP THIS

IN the news recently—as she has been for thirty years—was a grotesquely dressed middle-aged woman.

Her eyes were shielded from London's strong winter sunshine by large dark glasses.

As she loped from the most expensive hotel in Mayfair, picturegoers of two decades ago recognized her and murmured "*Greta Garbo.*"

But to the Rock 'n' Roll generation she means about as much as Vasco da Gama. She is in no danger of mobbing.

Hardly anyone would recognize her if she did not wave her incognito like a desert island castaway.

When she was a front rank film actress her "disguises" were understandable; she needed the constant publicity.

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Now they are faintly ridiculous and rather pathetic.

She likes to sign in at hotels as Harriet Brown. Then she starts behaving like Mata Hari gone mad and affects surprise that she is noticed.

Why does she do it? It seems that she doesn't want to make another film and yet she doesn't want to be forgotten. So let's recall what she is. She was born Greta Gustafsson in Stockholm in 1906. She was stage struck at fourteen, but began her working life as a clerk in a department store.

She was chosen to model hats for the shop. Then a publicity film was made there and she was noticed. She went to drama school and had some stage parts.

She then went into Swedish films and appeared in one directed by Mauritz Stiller.

Stiller was one of the great directors of his time and, like many others, went to Hollywood. He took Greta with him.

She made pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and became a star. She was one of the few silent stars who successfully made the transition to talking pictures.

Unlike many of her contemporaries who flourished in the mute world of adolescent Hollywood, she had a stage training to fall back on when miming and grimacing had to end.

The extraordinary thing about her is that she never was a great actress. There has grown up a sort of myth about her. Even some of the most reputable critics credit her with talents she never possessed.

We have to look at the Greta Gustafsson phenomenon against the background of the 1920s. In those postwar years an entirely new form of entertainment was sweeping across the western world.

Actors and actresses were becoming familiar figures. For the first time, the majority of people were getting a glimpse of life outside their own country.

The impact of the motion picture was the greater because it flashed before a people in whom there was no capacity or desire to criticize.

How can you criticize something so new and fascinating if you have no established standards against which to judge it?

Garbo was not so popular in the United States as she was in Britain. She was a star name but there was not the same abject devotion among the fans.

This, too, is understandable. Again, it has nothing to do with her talent.

In Britain, where we're not mad keen on the British, we will always go for a foreigner. In the United States they are used to immigrants throughout the country. Foreign accents, foreign casts of feature are commonplace.

Miss Garbo's serenely beautiful Nordic face was enough, in Britain, for a generation to whom bosoms were beastly.

She could languish, look soulful, smile wanly, suffer bravely. Thus equipped, she captivated our mothers and grandmothers. But not so much our fathers and grandfathers.

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For men there was less to attract. Miss Garbo was thin-lipped—female yet unfeminine, with little promise of warmth and tenderness.

But she had an infinite capacity for Nordic fortitude in an era when tears were the watermark of cinematic quality.

She also coined one of the best-known catch-phrases in twentieth-century show business. There is some doubt whether it was "I want to be alone" or "I want to be left alone."

Either way the phrase became identified with Greta Garbo. Comedians became voluntary unpaid publicists for her when they used it.

1946: *Back to Sweden on a visit. Filming is really over*

Today: strictly incognito. Dark glasses and floppy hats hide her face. Does anyone care ?

GARBO MYTH...

They helped to make her worth £2,000 a week to her employers at a time when taxes were low.

Miss Garbo is a shrewd, sensible woman. She is a very wealthy woman now with no need to make any more pictures.

Yet she still seems to cultivate the things that identified her with stardom.

If she is reported correctly, she still talks a kind of broken English ("I go" for "I am going") after thirty years of living and speaking the language.

This is scarcely believable and is inexplicable after so long except as affectation. The affectation would be quite understandable if she were still a star. The same applies to her "disguises."

She made twenty-six films between 1923 and 1941. Her last was *Two Faced Woman.*

Yet the myth lives on among some of those who, unprepared, received the first impact of movies.

Three years ago the National Film Theatre showed an old Garbo film *Queen Christina.* One man and three women sat through every showing.

That incurable party-giver Elsa Maxwell thought she had solved the mystery when she surprised Miss Garbo alone in a room at a party.

Greta was staring at her face in a mirror. Then she shuddered and buried her face in her hands.

Miss Maxwell's theory is that the former star was afraid of growing old.

Perhaps that is every woman's secret fear. But it could explain Miss Garbo's silly idea that there is any longer the need to disguise herself; to try to preserve the serene image that was once so familiar.

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She was never involved in any love affairs of the conventional Hollywood pattern.

It was once said that the late John Gilbert, her leading man, was desperately in love with her.

All Greta said to him when he put his arm around her was "save it for the next sequence, Mr. Gilbert."

Then gossip linked the name of Gayelord Hauser, the dietitian, with Miss Garbo. But as a love philtre carrot juice proved ineffective.

So Greta Garbo reigned alone throughout most of the years between the wars. During the last war she was criticized in America for not doing enough for the war effort.

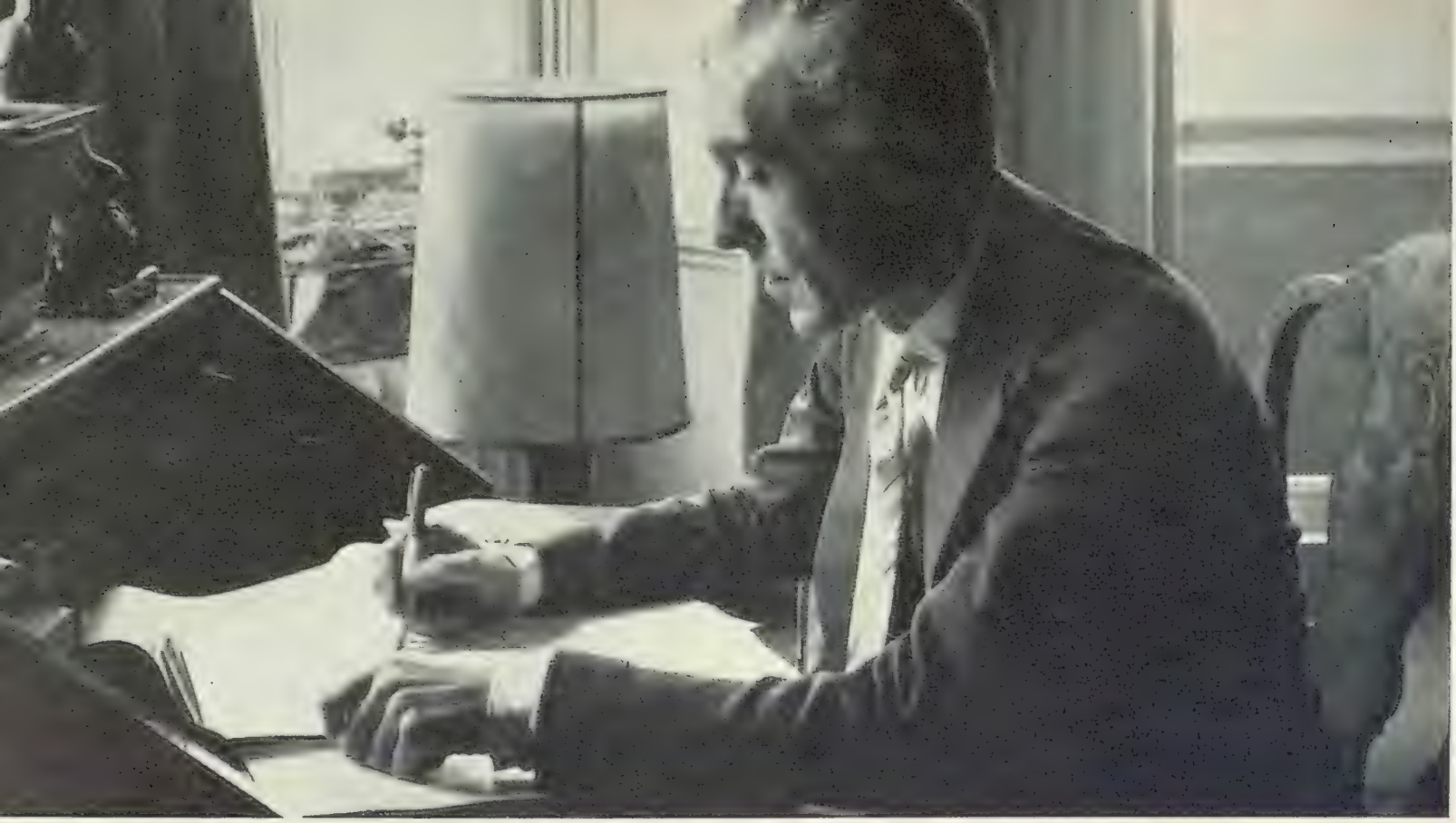
BUT WHAT COULD SHE HAVE DONE ? MISS GARBO HAD NOTHING TO OFFER THE TROOPS.

Has she anything to offer us today? I don't think so. We still get occasional pleas for her to return to the screen.

She is right to disregard them. Let those who cherish sentimental memories of her keep their dreams intact.

I remember that she died very beautifully in one film.

If only she would now lie down.



Photographs : David Housden

EVE VISITS A COUTURIER AND FINDS

COLOUR IS THE KEY

STREWN across the floor of the flat were 150 yards of moiré silk. *"This,"* said dress designer Michael, *"is the wallpaper."* The experts shook their heads sadly and went away.

Finally a seventy-year-old carpenter, volunteered to try. So couturier and carpenter went to work. Michael tacked the material against the walls and cut it out as he went. Bill glued it by a narrow strip at the bottom, stretched the material up the wall, and glued it again at the top. The job took a week. And was completely successful.

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Michael found the flat—the top two floors of a Queen Anne house in Wimpole Street—after searching for months. He used the silk to disguise bulging walls. And, he confesses, "because I am more at home with it."

The material had to be a particular lime colour and he couldn't find it anywhere. Then a friend called wearing a coat precisely the right colour.

"I snatched it off her back and sent her home coatless. I had it for six weeks having cloth dyed to match it."

Doors and panelling have been scraped, to reveal the original pale coloured pine. The wall-to-wall carpet is grey. Several lamps cast a soft light; one is covered in vellum, two others in pink-red silk. A cheetah skin covers a pouffe on the floor. In one corner is a William and Mary desk where Michael always designs his collections, working to the small hours.

The fireplace was found in a friend's backyard. The grate he glimpsed in the headlights of his car driving through Basingstoke at midnight.

"It was in front of a junk shop. We knocked up the owner and bought it on the spot."

The living-room is a background for favourite pieces from antique shops all over the country. Michael spends practically every weekend hunting in shops and junk yards.

On one expedition he found the lovely eighteenth-century Chinese lacquer table which is now in his living-room. Another day he found an Indo-Chinese Ming Buddha head, with a disconcerting likeness to Queen Victoria.

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He has six very precious Wei figurines along the mantelpiece. Above them is a large and exquisite eighteenth-century Chinese painting bought in Paris, and by the windows, on a table specially built for it, is a T'ang horse, dated about A.D. 600-900. "It took me eighteen months to pay for that. Then in the end I was rather tired of it!"

The flat is a large one: living-room, dining-room, study, three bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom—and an Italian maid, Dominica.

Michael laid the main bedroom floor himself with squares of hardboard painted dark red. On it goes a soot-grey carpet. By the bed are two small eighteenth-century globes found in a Liverpool junk shop, standing on eighteenth-century Spanish consul tables discovered in Wallingford.

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The dining-room has dark red walls, dark green ceiling, a floor of pale African wood. The table top will be a circle of rich green marble.

The study ("A room I can be bad tempered in") has mauve-pink walls, white self-striped curtains, a dark green carpet, a green chintz covered sofa and a red silk lamp.

Next to it is the **kitchen**. A long thin room entirely done in blue and white. Michael is not so much at home here. "I know nothing at all about food," he said, "But I can make tea—and boil an egg, if you like it hard."—**Beth Patrick.**

When Michael papered the parlour . . . he used pale lime moiré silk—150 yards of it. He had to do the job himself because his builder's men were too frightened to handle the costly material. Helped by a seventy-year-old Irish carpenter it took Michael a week to cover the walls. The silk was specially made and dyed to match a woman friend's coat—"just the right colour." It was six weeks before she got it back again

For the man who makes some of the world's most beautiful clothes—junk shop furniture. Most weekends are spent hunting for new things—like the prints in the small picture, the sitting-room fireplace (found in a friend's backyard) and the precious Wei figurines along the mantelpiece. The flat itself was another "find"—it was discovered after a six months search. Walls were peeling, the ceiling flaking—"a view of unrelieved gloom"

BE DARING WITH MARMALADE!

This is the month to buy Seville oranges—says Barbara Riches, EVE Home Editor—why not EXPERIMENT?

THICK, thin or clear—marmalade at breakfast has for generations been a British institution. On the Continent it is the hall-mark of "the English guests"; in America a legacy that was worth retaining in spite of the Boston tea-party. (With customary energy, they now sell mass-produced varieties in gallon pails.)

But why limit marmalade to toast? There is no need to be so conservative about flavours. *Try eating it with omelets, sausages, ham, cheese or in a sandwich with peanut butter—you will soon wonder why you haven't experimented before.*

While you're experimenting with flavours, why not make some of the more unusual varieties of marmalade—quince, grape, pineapple, ginger, apricot, tangerine. Like orange, they all have a marked individual taste.

The principles of making marmalade are very simple. Always choose fruit that is sound and barely ripe; if over-ripe it has a reduced pectin content and may not set. Check that the preserving pan is large enough to let the marmalade boil rapidly after the sugar has dissolved. Simmer the peel gently until it is thoroughly cooked; if you don't, you will have difficulty in getting it tender once the sugar is added.

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There are several ways of testing whether the marmalade will set, but I find this method infallible: Cool a tsp. of marmalade as rapidly as possible. If it forms a skin which will wrinkle when pushed with your finger—it is ready. *Remember—it is most important to remove the pan from heat while testing.*

To cut down cooking time, you can use either a pressure cooker, or Certo and bicarbonate of soda; the soda will soften the skins.

Here is the recipe for coarse-cut orange marmalade, illustrated above. Scrub and scald 2 lb. Seville oranges and 1 lemon. Remove rind, cut away some of the white pith, place this and pips in a muslin bag. Cut peel coarsely and cut up the fruit. Put the rind, fruit and muslin bag into 7 pints of water to soak overnight.

Next day simmer altogether until peel is quite soft and the liquid reduced by about one third. Remove muslin bag, squeezing it well. Add 6 lb. sugar and 1 tbsp. of black treacle. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, bring to the boil and boil rapidly for about 15 to 20 minutes.

Test for set. Remove the scum. Let it cool slightly before potting so as to make quite sure that the peel stays suspended. Pot in hot, dry jars and cover in the usual way. This makes 10 lb.

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If you want to make some of the more unusual kinds try this recipe for spicy ginger marmalade.

Wash and scrub 3 lb. of oranges and 2 lemons. Using a sharp knife, remove the skins in quarters. Shave off and discard about half of the white pith. Shred the skins very finely and put in a preserving pan with water (1 pint to each 3 lb. of fruit) and ½ level tsp. of bicarbonate of soda.

Bring to the boil, cover and simmer until the skins can be crushed easily between the thumb and forefinger (about 10 minutes).

Next cut up the peeled fruit, discarding the pips and tough skin. Add pulp and juice to the cooked rind. Simmer, covered, for 20 minutes longer. Put 4¾ lb. of sugar, 4 oz. of finely chopped crystallized ginger and 3 pints of prepared fruit into a large preserving pan. If necessary make up the quantity with water.

Stir over a low heat until the sugar has dissolved. Bring to the boil and boil gently for 5 minutes, add a small piece of butter. Take preserving pan off heat, and stir in one bottle of Certo.

Now stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes. It will now be cool enough to prevent the peel floating. Pour into clean, hot jars and cover. This makes 7½ lb.

Photograph by Edward A. Tanner

Exciting times . . .

These are exciting times to be a woman. The old barriers and prejudices are being broken down—not only in Britain, but all over the world.

Because we are women our major considerations will always centre around making a home, looking after a husband and bringing up children. But now there are other things in life for us, too.

In the last few months the circulation of *BRITANNIA & EVE* has soared. *Why? We believe it is because—for the first time—a magazine is being specifically produced FOR THE WOMAN WITH A MIND OF HER OWN.*

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Science is slowly (all too slowly) freeing us from the kitchen sink. And we women are freeing ourselves from the old kitchen sink mentality. No one, we are proud to claim, recognizes this more than *BRITANNIA & EVE*.

***EVE* does not claim to be the biggest magazine in Britain. But it does claim to have *more influence* than any other magazine of its type. WHY? Because it is written for THE WOMAN WITH A MIND OF HER OWN.**

More for your money

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*For friends overseas, details of special subscription scheme available from Britannia & EVE Circulation Manager.

Two girls, one bed-sitting room—and privacy. Sitting space has been gained by putting up a frosted glass screen, combined with bedhead and bookshelves. By drawing across the Vantona curtain the sleeping area can be entirely shut off. Several attractive types of obscured glass are available now—or you can use peg-board panels. For details of furniture used on these pages write to EVE

by John Frayne Turner

Two rooms, or one—or one-and-a-glimpse. With Modernfold gaily coloured plastic doors you can divide your living-room just as you like. They have one distinct advantage over other dividers : when dinner is finished and the doors are drawn across you need less heating to keep the sitting-area snug. Another warming point : heat-conserving floor-to-ceiling velvet curtains over the blinds

LIVING-ROOM DIVISION IS SO SIMPLE

New ideas for solving a modern problem: how to separate steak from Strauss in one room

SIMPLE *OR* SOLID

NEITHER WASTE SPACE

Venetian blinds make a simple divider easily put up by the man around the house. The new metal blinds are light, colourful and easy to keep clean. A pull on the cord closes the slats, hiding the remnants of your meal while coffee is being served. New fishnet curtains also make a very simple room divider

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Two new units make a dramatic division. Elegant Librenza dividers boast a built-in cocktail cabinet, space on top for dishes or a TV set, adjustable shelves for books or ornaments, cupboards for china, and a desk. The bottles are standing on mark-resisting black lacquer, a good contrast to the walnut brown Tola wood. In background: Gomme's deep head-of-the-house chair

Princess Margaret—the future

(Continued from page 8)

Britain's best envoy . . . is she being wasted?

things that come to mind from her teenage are white ankle-strap sandals, shoes with bigger-than-ever peep toes, plunging necklines.

Her favourite colour for evening wear is now white. Pink is another choice.

Although she has so many clothes it is not unusual for her to be seen in the same coat or suit three years running. Sometimes her coats or dresses are altered to keep in mood with prevailing fashion. A hem is taken up or let down, a fur collar added or taken off. Sometimes it is just a slight rearrangement of the buttons.

To most women, she leads an enviable existence with many of the advantages and few of the disadvantages of her sister the Queen's life.

She has her own flat in Clarence House, off The Mall. Nearly £50,000 was spent making it the finest modern home in Britain when the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh lived there.

Into this flat has gone the Princess's collection of gramophone records—several thousand of them. Most are songs from the shows, swing music, and special music for dancing and calypsos.

The flat is modern and reflects Margaret's modern outlook. The built-in bookcases are lined with romantic novels, English history, French poetry and detective stories. She likes fussy, whimsical little glass and china animals about the room.

Here she entertains her friends. It wouldn't have done for her great-great-grandmother—or even her grandmother—but Margaret has often cooked her friends an after-midnight meal in the small modern kitchen in her flat.

If you see a Rolls-Royce index number PM6450 the chances are Princess Margaret will be inside it. It has a special mirror in the back so that she can check make-up, hair and perhaps adjust her hat before she steps out.

But behind the attractive, often gay princess is a deeply religious girl. Undoubtedly, it was her strong sense of religion that steeled her to the final decision over Peter Townsend.

Inevitably there will be gossip about Margaret—a linking of her name with any eligible young man with whom she may be seen. At present the matchmakers are holding off.

It is usually a surprise to the princess to discover her most secret emotions in print. And she is often amused. She laughed two years ago when she saw an authoritative report from "circles close to the Royal Family" that she was going to become a nun.

Of course, she realizes the public interest in her. *And it is time that the government realized the meagre use being made of her.*

HERE THEY NEW YEAR

A circular skirt with the new

MATERIALS : 38 oz. Red and 15 oz. Black/White mixture Emu Carousel Double Botany ; 1 pair each of Nos. 12, 10, 8 knitting needles ; 1 circular needle No. 9 or 10 to get correct tension ; 1 yd. elastic petersham; 7-in. "Aero" zip; 5 hooks and eyes. *Measurements: Skirt:* Waist 24 to 30 ins.; length 31 ins.; hem of skirt 149 ins. *Jersey:* To fit 34 to 36-in. bust size; length 22 ins.; sleeve 21 ins., worn pouched over rib. Note: For the 38 to 40-in. bust, substitute No. 7 needles for No. 8. *Tension:* 6 sts. and 8 rows on circular needle, holding wool firmly throughout, 6 sts. and 8 rows on No. 10 needles, 5 sts. 8 rows on No. 8 needles to 1 in.; 11 sts. and 15 rows on No. 7 needles to 2 ins. *Abbreviations:* K., knit; p., purl; st.st., stocking stitch; in(s)., inch(es) ; dec., decrease; inc., increase; rem., remainder; cont., continue; g.st., garter stitch.

SKIRT

For Hand and Machine Knitting: Using circular needle, red wool, and cast on 180 sts. Rib as follows :

1st row: (K. 1 into back of st., p. 1 into back of st.) ; rep. to end.

2nd row: As 1st. Rep. these 2 rows for 20 in all.

Hand Knitting: Cont. in st.st. and then :

1st row: (K. 15, inc. by k. into back of loop between sts., k. 15) rep. to end. *2nd row:* P. *3rd row:* (K. 16, inc. by k. into back of loop between sts., k. 15) rep. to end. *4th row:* P.

Cont. likewise, knitting 1 st. extra before the inc. on every k. row, and complete 40 rows. (Side opening).

Cont. in rounds, k. every round, but inc. every other round as before for 238 rounds (894 sts.).

Rib 2 rounds in k. 1, p. 1, on the finer needles. Cast off to tension in rib.

Machine Knitting: Slip first 15 sts. on to machine, then k. 15, inc. 1 st. *2nd row:* P. 16 sts. *3rd row:* K. 16, inc. *4th row:* P. 17 sts. Cont. likewise until 40 rows completed.

Take last 15 sts. of band and work 40 rows straight. Put these two lots of sts.—opening meeting—on to machine and inc. same end as before on first piece, at end of every k. row, and complete 238 rows (149 sts.). Slip sts. on pin.

Take next 30 sts. and put on needles, and cont. inc. at end of every k. row, until 238 rows are worked (149 sts.). Slip sts. on pin. Cont. likewise until 6 panels are completed.

Slip all sts. for lower edge on to a pair of needles (each panel can be worked separately), rib 2 rows on finer needles, and then cast off in rib to tension.

ARE—THE PARTNERS

. . . and a jersey high-neck gilet

Designed for hand or machine knitting—easy to make

TO MAKE UP

Start at waistline, pick up 1 st. either side, 1 shaped edge and 1 straight edge, and carefully draw edges flatly tog., going into every row of knitting. Stitch in petersham to waist, insert zip, and finish band with 2 large hooks and eyes.

JERSEY

Back

Using black/white wool, and No. 8 needles (machine to be set to give this tension), cast on 76 sts. Work 10 rows st.st. Work 1 row to mark hemline. P. *Machine Knitting:* Enlarge tension for a very loose st., work 1 row to enable work to "fold" easily. Cont. in st.st. fabric for 12 rows.

13th row: Dec. 1 st. either end.

14th to 16th row: St.st.

17th row: As 13th. Rep. these 4 rows until 70 sts. Work 12 rows without shaping. Cont. inc. at each end of next and every 4th row following until 92 sts. Work 15 to 16 ins. from hemline for a 21 or 22-in. length jersey*

Shape Armholes: Dec. at each end of every other row until 80 sts. remain. Work 52 rows in all for armhole depth.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, slip rem. sts. on to No. 12 needles, and k. 1, p. 1 rib for 6 rows, to face edging, hem down to back, without casting off sts.

Front

Work as for Back* but work 2 ins. less (13 or 14 ins.).

Shape for Neck: Work to centre front, turn, dec. at neck edge on every 5th row, and complete depth to armhole, to match with back. Shape armhole as for back, by dec. every other row for 6 decs. in all. Keep armhole edge straight but cont. with neck edge decs. until 12 in all. Complete 52 rows for armhole.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, each starting from armhole end. Fasten off. Work other side of neck to match.

Using No. 12 needles, pick up 60 sts. evenly from shoulder to centre front, and rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 6 rows. Cast off loosely. Work other side of neck to match. Hem down on underneath to face edging.

Sleeves (2)

Using No. 10 needles and red wool, cast on 43 sts. and rib :

1st row: (P. 1, k. 1) ending p. 1. *2nd row:* (K. 1, p. 1) ending k. 1. Rep. these 2 rows, working firmly for 36 rows in all.

Right Side Facing: Change to st.st. and the black/white wool and No. 8 needles. Cont. inc. each end of the 5th and every 6th row following until 75 sts. Work 16 ins. st.st. or length required.

Shape Top: Dec. each end of every other row 12 times. Dec. at each end of every row 23 times. Cast off loosely.

GILET

Using red wool and No. 8 needles (machine to be set to give this tension), cast on 40 sts, g.st. 4 rows. *Hand Knitting:* Cont. working first and last 4 sts. in g.st. and rem. in st.st., complete 62 rows. *Machine Knitting:* Cont. in st.st., complete 62 rows.

Shape Neck: Work 15 sts., turn, and dec. neck edge on this and every other row for 7 decs. in all. Work 10 rows without shaping. Inc. at neck edge on every row 7 times. Cast on 8 sts. at beg. of next row, starting from neck edge.

Hand Knitting: G.st. the 2 sts. at inside edge, and last 4 sts. at outer edge as before and cont. complete 28 rows in all. G.st. 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

Machine Knitting: Cont. all in st.st. and shape as above.

Work other side of neck to match.

COLLAR

Using red wool and No. 10 needles (machine to be set to this tension), cast on 85 sts.

Hand Knitting: G.st. 2, (k. 1, p. 1) to last 3 sts., k. 1, g.st. 2.

2nd row: G.st. 2, (p. 1, k. 1) to the last 3 sts., p. 1, g.st. 2. Rep. these 2 rows for 24 in all.

Next row: G.st. 2, k. to last 2 sts., g.st. 2.

Next row: G.st. 2, p. to last 2, g.st. 2. Rep. these 2 rows for 24 in all.

Next row: As 1st. *Next row:* As 2nd *Next row:* As 1st. Cast off in rib to tension

Machine Knitting: Work as given, edges can be worked as rem. of knitting. St.st. over st.st. parts, and in rib over the ribbed rows.

To make up

Jersey: Join sides, shoulders and sleeves. Set in sleeves. Hem at lower edge to be turned up under and hemmed. Press all seams. *Front:* Pin collar into position, joining ribbed underneath side to neck shaping; sew all round. Turn under last 3 rib rows, and hem. Tack tog. the double ends, and secure. Sew on 3 hooks and bars to back opening. Press well under a damp cloth and warm iron. Slip gilet into jersey, and stitch at either shoulder, and at lower edge of front.

The

ILLUSTRATION BY

FRANK CRAIG

CHRISTOPHER TANNER started up in bed, only vaguely aware of what had woken him—some sinister, unearthly noise that left him with taut nerves, his ears straining into the shapeless darkness. Suddenly the melancholy falsetto wailing was repeated outside his window and he could hear the obscene slobbering of a hyena snuffling its way round the farmhouse.

He switched on his torch: four o'clock. Resignedly he lit the oil lamp by the bed, turned off the alarm-clock and sat collecting his thoughts, as the happenings of the previous night flooded slowly back. Laura—her soft body lightly against his as they danced; her subtly disturbing perfume; her warmth and closeness, and the feel of her hair brushing his chin—the whole intoxication of her, stirring him indescribably.

Her voice was still in his ears. "Why, you dance beautifully, Christopher! Most of the men here just shuffle along—and my husband is about the worst!"

Her slim figure moving miraculously with his, sensing his every movement. "Anybody could dance well with you, Laura." The music from the radiogram had blared up as though in tune with the sudden tension that gripped him.

"LIKE dancing with me, Christopher?" Her gaze was bewitching, her voice thrilling. All the loneliness of the past months, the gnawing attraction of her femininity in the constant daily contacts when he came into the house, welled up and overpowered him. Up to that moment she had seemed so remote and unattainable; her gentle, unsophisticated manner an impassable barrier, and he had accepted it that way. But now. . . .

He crushed her to him recklessly and looked down to read the shocked disapproval on her face. But there had been no disapproval. In a daze he had heard his own voice, hoarse and unfamiliar: "I'm—I'm in love with you, Laura!"

For an unbelievable moment she had clung to him in return; and then she had drawn away, gazing at him uncertainly.

"Poor Christopher! I expect you feel very much on your own here." She turned her face away. "It's a bit the same with me."

"How do you mean, Laura?"

"Marriage can be very lonely when your husband doesn't bother about you any more." She had gazed bleakly over his shoulder, her mind in the past.

"I'm sorry."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "I used to love him once," she murmured, almost to herself. "And then somehow as the years went on it all changed. *He* changed—he didn't seem to need me any more he seemed to think only of the farm. *I* changed. . . ." Christopher's arm had tightened round her sympathetically. He had been hardly aware of the other dancers; for the moment he and Laura were alone in a small isolated world of their own.

"And then you came and it got worse," she added.

"Worse? Good heavens—why?"

"Arthur's temper has been more and more difficult. In his way he's a fine man. I know it. But the dreadful thing is that it doesn't mean a thing to me any more." The music carried them on silently. "And now there's somebody else."

Her shining eyes were suddenly gazing tenderly into his.

"Laura!"

"It's you, Christopher darling!" she whispered. "And you never guessed!"

THE soft words had seemed to burst into his mind. They had seemed incredible, impossible, engulfing him in a wave of ecstacy and then leaving him stranded in a turmoil of dismay, as he realized the enormous problems that had come so bewilderingly with his first real love.

Then there had been the long drive back to the farm, with Kimani, who had been helping in the hotel kitchen, in front with Laura's husband.

In the back they sat, holding hands—as though by right, as though they had always done it, as though they belonged to each other.

He could still picture her, in the dim glow of the dashboard lights, sitting erect, her head poised, her dark hair shaped into a clinging boyish style, her thoughtful dark eyes gazing wistfully straight ahead, as their hands rested on the silk of her long billowing dance frock.

AND in front the black silhouette of Arthur Morgan her husband, with the power of the car at his fingertips: and the farm, the cattle, the house and its possessions—all snugly in his pocket! It was crazy, and yet there was the resentful feeling that the grim figure at the wheel was an interloper. Laura didn't love this brute of a man any more—he had no more rights over her.

A cold anger had seethed in his mind as he gazed bleakly at the squat crouching back. In a way the best thing that could happen would be for Morgan to find out the truth. It would clear the air—even if it didn't help to solve the future in any way.

Laura had sensed his inner turmoil and had pressed his hand. "Are you two still going after that wretched lion, Arthur?" He knew that (*Continued overleaf*)

Interloper

by A. M. ROBINSON

"That is the truth" Christopher said. They were words which destroyed his happiness—and set her free

"I'll get you," he had said:

(Continued from page 32)

the question was only to break the tension that was building up around them.

"Of course." Morgan's voice sounded unnecessarily brusque.

"Then I'm afraid you're both going to be very tired. It's nearly two o'clock already."

He had realized with a shock that she was incredibly beautiful. He had felt awed and stirred by her beauty—saint-like and almost unreal—and he had suddenly become aware of his duty of homage.

It was *all* unreal. It was unreal that he, a young man at the beginning of his career with only eight months' experience as a farm pupil, should find himself in love with a woman ten years older than himself.

They had got back at last and gone to their rooms. That was just two hours ago. Miserably now, he sat hunched up, sourly regarding his reflection in the dressing-table mirror—the slim boyish figure, the fair tousled hair, the face bronzed by the sun, the vivid blue eyes now dull with lack of sleep. He passed his hand wearily across them. And now, on top of everything, there was this damned lion!

HE heard Morgan come clumping across the living-room and wrench open the door, his heavy features indistinct in the gloomy lamplight as he stood peering in.

"What the hell are you sitting there for? Aren't you coming?"

Christopher looked round and nodded and the other slammed the door and clumped off again. It was going to be hell! Morgan was in a vile temper—he had never seen him so bad. Grimly he started to pull on his clothes.

In the living-room Morgan was sitting crouched bull-necked over the table, savagely contemplating his coffee cup. He looked at Christopher and got to his feet.

"We'll be ready to start in about five minutes—unless you prefer to stay here and hold my wife's hand!" The words came out in a sudden spurt of rage. "My car has a centre driving mirror!"

Christopher looked up, his pulses racing. Tensely he watched Morgan examine his rifle and slip some clips of ammunition into his pocket. Then the elder man turned towards him.

"How long has this been going on?"

"What d'you mean? Nothing's been going on!"

"Don't lie! I've noticed the difference in my wife for some time now, but like a fool I never realized what was happening. She fooled me completely. All her nice kind motherly attitude—just a cloak so that she could get what she wanted from you——!"

Christopher leaped to his feet. "That's a lie!" he shouted, "and you know it. Laura has done absolutely nothing wrong. The mistake she made was to get married to you! She was never meant for this sort of life: she's just thrown away here. All *you* can think about is cattle!" He stood breathing hard.

Morgan regarded him cynically. "I just want to warn you, Christopher—nobody's going to play around with my wife and get away with it. If you insist on getting mixed up with grown men you must accept what's coming to you!" He wrenched himself round and disappeared through the front door into the darkness.

Tensely Christopher reached for his rifle and ammunition and went outside into the night. The lorry was standing ready, and nearby Christopher saw Preedy, Morgan's dour, watchful, grey-haired manager, standing quietly.

THE hounds were milling about excitedly in pairs on their leashes, the native kennel-boys desperately trying to keep them under control. A couple of Masai trackers stood aloof.

Morgan appeared hurriedly from the office and made towards the cab of the lorry. Christopher climbed into the back of the lorry with the others.

The sky was lightening low down on the horizon when they arrived at the kill, and Morgan and the trackers went off with one of the hounds in the semi-darkness to cast around for the scent. Preedy turned to him uneasily.

"What's the matter with Mr. Morgan, do you know?" he murmured.

"Me. I've touched him on the raw."

The older man looked at him with startled eyes. "You! Well, you watch yourself, son. He's a tough nut. If he gets his knife into you he'll never let up. There'll be bad trouble if you go against him."

"I've gone against him," said Christopher grimly, "now I'm waiting for the trouble."

They moved off when Morgan signalled. He moved ahead down a game track, leading a hound and jerking savagely at the leash.

A LOW mist lay patchily over the ground, bleak and cheerless, and the knee-high grass was weighed over with a heavy dew. In a matter of minutes Christopher was wet and numb from the waist downwards, but he was engrossed with Morgan's angry, savage movements, and trudged along almost unconscious of his discomfort.

Suddenly the leading hound was yelping bitterly. Morgan was beating it mercilessly with the heavy handle-end of his shooting stick, his face contorted with rage. The animal crouched down, shrinking away from each blow. Christopher watched with a feeling of nausea. He stood irresolute, looking at Preedy.

"She's got on the wrong scent," the manager murmured gruffly. "We've been following a leopard." He pointed to the spoor which showed up distinctly on a soft patch of earth.

Something inside Christopher impelled him forward. Surprisingly he found himself wrestling to get the shooting stick away. Morgan's face glared angrily into his as they struggled.

"You little swine! How dare you interfere with me!"

"Leave the hound alone, or you'll kill it!"

"Let go this minute, or I'll. . . ." Suddenly he lashed out and caught Christopher a sickening blow on the cheekbone. Automatically Christopher stepped back and drove hard and expertly at the older man's jaw. Morgan sank down with sightless eyes, lying there strangely calm and inert after his last burst of rage. Christopher stood over him breathing heavily as Preedy pushed him back.

"YOU young fool—stand away!" The manager dropped down beside the unconscious man and started rubbing his ears.

After a moment Morgan propped himself up and lay on his elbow shaking his head. He struggled shakily to his feet, dusting his hands together, and grabbed his shooting-stick.

Christopher picked up his rifle and watched Morgan snatch the leash of his hound from one of the Masai and urge the cowering animal back in the direction from which they had just come.

"This isn't the end of the affair, Christopher," he choked as he started off. "By God, it isn't! It's coming to you now!" His eyes were burning with venom out of a gaunt white face.

They followed silently. Christopher's gaze was drawn magnetically to Morgan's broad back, a cold apprehension gripping him. What had he meant? Was it a threat to kill him? Surely that was crazy! But the man was mad with jealousy—he was capable of doing almost anything. This was a hell of a situation to be in—compelled to trail along dutifully in attendance until it was convenient for Morgan to show his hand—perhaps sling a bullet at him instead of the lion.

IT was towards noon when they stopped again. The two Masai knelt down and examined the ground excitedly, talking to Morgan in their queer, clipped tongue.

"The brute is getting tired," Preedy said, as he and Christopher put their hands down to feel. The spot was flattened and still warm; the blades of grass were beginning to twitch upright again. The lion had only just left it.

Quickly the hounds were released and one by one they streaked off, yelping madly. In a few minutes Christopher heard the pack making a tremendous clamour about a quarter of a mile away. He loaded up, swearing softly under his breath as he saw Morgan ram a clip into his .375. The man was a crack shot: now was the time to watch out.

The hounds had bayed up the lion in thick bush and they watched the jumping, twisting, snarling mass, waiting for an opportunity to shoot. Then the lion made a sudden break for it, with the pack in hot pursuit, and disappeared down a game track into a large hollow in the ground filled with dense undergrowth.

Morgan motioned the four rifles round

was he waiting until the lion rushed them?

the edge to wait for the break out. Christopher was bathed in sweat. Quite apart from the nasty business of perhaps having to try to stop the lion in a matter of just a few yards, this was just the position he wanted to avoid. He slipped off his safety catch and waited tensely, with a tight breathless feeling in his chest. Somewhere in his neck a pulse was pounding madly. He'd have to keep half an eye on the undergrowth and half on Morgan: any sign of the blighter swinging his rifle round and he'd dive into the bush.

A sudden hysterical crescendo from the pack warned him that the lion was coming out. With hands slippery with perspiration he raised his rifle and peered along the sights. The lion burst out about ten yards away and he struggled frantically to pin the bead of his foresight on its shoulder. He snatched at the trigger: there was a double report and a shattering blow smashed the rifle out of his grasp and he found himself on his knees, rocking with the pain that seared his hands and wrists.

DULLY, he realized Morgan's bullet had caught the metal of his rifle. He watched the lion swerve and charge straight at Morgan. The owner reloaded smoothly and fired again. There was the click of a misfire and the beast was on him and had him by the shoulder, worrying him like a cat with a mouse. Then the hounds flowed round again, forcing him to drop his quarry. Christopher scrambled to his feet and clawed at his rifle as Preedy appeared and fired quickly.

The lion dropped like a stone, its mouth distended in a fading yawn and its legs kicking convulsively. The manager fired again into the twitching body and then it lay still. The Masai reached out gingerly and pricked its eye with his spear. It was dead.

Morgan's wounds were appalling Preedy knelt down without any visible emotion and examined the groaning figure.

"Get off your shirt and vest, Christopher, and tear them up into strips," he ordered. With fumbling hands Christopher took off his sweat-soaked garments and ripped them up. Together they attempted to staunch the bleeding and cover the torn flesh.

"NOW get off quick with one of the Masai and bring the lorry up—and don't waste a moment. We'll carry him down to the track at the bottom of the slope and meet you there. There's water down there, thank God."

Two hours later they carried the unconscious man into the farmhouse and Laura gazed in terror at his deathly white face as they laid him on the bed. Then Preedy started to uncover the wounds and she sank down moaning against the bed. But suddenly she was busy again, organizing the work that had to be done, crying silently to herself as she moved about.

After a time, Christopher left the bedroom, with its reek of disinfectant and sat down shakily in the living-room. Kimani brought in a cup of tea: he drank it thankfully and was munching a biscuit when Laura came in and stood looking at him queerly, her face drawn and pale.

"How is he, do you think Laura?" It was something of an effort to speak. He felt exhausted, mentally and emotionally. He was too drained of feeling to even bother with the fact that he had just escaped being murdered because Morgan's bullet had struck the metal of his rifle.

"He's terribly hurt," she whispered. "Oh, Christopher!" she cried suddenly, "You should have stayed at home if you hadn't confidence in yourself! Somehow I never dreamed. . . ."

He sat up in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, Laura?"

"Preedy saw you run back and pick up your rifle after Arthur was down. He said you had apparently dropped it and run when the lion came out, and when Arthur fired it turned on him."

Her sobs cut into him as he sat helplessly watching. "Poor Arthur—he's so badly torn," she whispered, "I'm terribly afraid he won't live. Oh God!" she burst out, "if he should die! Whatever should I do!" She hid her face in her hands, her shoulders shaking.

Christopher gazed at her thunderstruck, watching her bitterly out of the ruins of his pride; aware only that at that vital perilous moment he was of no importance to her.

When her sobs quietened, she got up nervously moving about the room, avoiding his eyes. He knew that she was putting off the ordeal of hearing his admission. Then, she turned to him unwillingly and looked into his face. "Is that what happened, Christopher?" she demanded.

For a moment he struggled with a violent urge to clear himself; but somehow he hung on to the words that were bursting to be said. There was no happiness for her that way. The road was suddenly clear: she loved Arthur, however incredible it might seem. All that was essential now was for him to recover.

He returned her gaze out of a set, expressionless face. "Yes, that's what happened, Laura," he replied. "I'm sorry."

Without a word she left the room. From the door he saw her standing outside, watching a bed being prepared in the back of the safari car.

Morgan was carried through the room. The wounded man beckoned to him feebly: Christopher bent over to listen.

"I love my wife, Christopher," he whispered. "Aimed at your rifle—wanted to frighten you." He licked his lips. "Heard you just now. Good boy. I'll tell her—later on." His face was contorted with pain as he squeezed Christopher's hand weakly. Soon he was in the car and Christopher saw Laura take her place in front, while Preedy climbed into the driving seat. Without a glance towards the house they drove off and Christopher stood watching their dust trail as they disappeared over the plain. » »

MY SON JOHN...

HE has a friend called Goosekie. He's just an imaginary creature and I doubt if the boy himself knows what he really looks like.

Just the same, Goosekie is very much alive.

He has a friend called Dubla. Both of them have been with us for years now—silent, unobtrusive, but always there, lurking round the corner.

They are a means of escape. . . .

A smashed saucer will bring the very simple explanation:

"I'm very sorry but you know Goosekie has such a trembling hand. I'm afraid he couldn't help dropping the saucer. . . ."

Recently Goosekie and Dubla bought a house—and they invited us to tea.

It happened like this:

"Daddy." "*Yes, son.*"

"Goosekie has just phoned. He says would you like to have tea with Dubla and him today?"

"*I'm not making tea now, son.*"

"You don't understand. They want US to have tea with THEM."

"*You're not going to the larder unless your mother says you can.*"

"Daddy—" *with an inflection of impatience*—"they want us to have tea with them at the lovely old house you took me to, with those lovely creamy sponges and those lovely creamy puffs and those——"

"*All right, son. Get your coat.*"

It was mid-week. We were early and the place was empty.

We met Goosekie and Dubla. We shook hands like old friends.

Two chairs may have appeared empty, but the boy and I knew that both Dubla and Goosekie were firmly entrenched there.

Goosekie had a vast appetite. He ate more cream puffs than I thought anyone could.

And the conversation was a riot:

"How are you Goosekie?"

"——"

"So glad. And you Dubla?"

"——"

And so on. . . .

About now John sighed. His face was a little pale. I knew the time had come.

I paid the bill and, deep in conversation, we made for the door.

It was just then that I realized we were not quite alone.

Tucked in an alcove, almost hidden from sight, was a young couple holding hands.

They stared hard at us as we went out. Now I come to think of it, it was a distinctly ODD look they gave me. . . .

CAMERON YORKE

The not so secret model session . . .

Is there any glamour in a model's life? That open-air look comes from a wind machine and you even smile in the rain under a watering can

CHANGE FOR COCKTAILS —IN 15 MINUTES FLAT

It's raining. It's probably Monday morning too. But the smiles are there when London models Jackie Cahill and Jane Lee arrive for work. They need them all day long, every day, in front of the cameras. The change from winter coats into party dresses takes ten minutes. Hair and make-up adds another five. Practice and professional know-how is the answer

SO YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE THE GIRL IN THE PICTURE?

You can't think why, but the dress doesn't look quite the same? Maybe you should learn a trick or two—like bulldog clips at the back of a dress to slim in the waist. Or tuck a few rolls of film in your belt. An invisible thread adds sweep to a skirt (all you need is an invisible escort to hold it for you)

☆ ☆ ☆

Or maybe it's the way you stand when you walk into a crowded room. Try a pose or two like this before your hostess starts to introduce you. It looks like the perfect picture—but for Jackie and Jane there may be fifty poses (and fifty smiles) in a single session before a photographer decides it is

MORE PICTURES . . .

Everyone's happy . . . it's a perfect picture (if it sells the dresses)

Oh, what

But when it is—only stamina (and that smile) can save her

WHAT makes a girl a good model? Anne de Courcy, EVE fashion editor, says: First to be photogenic, with the standard equipment of a tall slim figure so that she can walk into any "model-size" clothes (generally about 34-23-36).

A good model, like an actress, has to "give" in front of the camera, so that poses and smiles appear unforced.

When I'm working with a model she has to be endlessly adaptable, and have the stamina of a pioneer settler. I don't want to know if her shoes are pinching, her bra's too tight, she's got a hangover, or she's tired of modelling a June cotton dress on a February day by Trafalgar Square fountain. (And—as on one hectic occasion—she's got to be prepared to change into full evening dress in the back of an unshuttered car in a residential square.)

And she needs to be more than acrobatic—model girls are pulled, pinched, padded and pinned into any position that makes a good picture. *Skirts and hair are blown by a wind machine—to give that open-air, sportin' girl look. A dangling necklace or a scarf is fixed into that carefully careless position on her bosom with a piece of plasticine.* And she's probably padded out with old stockings (much better than cottonwool or falsies) to make an uplifting sweater picture.

The cute clothes-peg who can face all this and has that extra personality-sparkle is the one who makes a printed photograph look like a flesh-and-blood girl—dressed in the *one* garment you MUST have yourself. She'll be the girl who reaches the top rank of £2,000-a-year models.

LOOKS LIKE RAIN...AND FEELS LIKE RAIN, TOO!

If you're modelling raincoats you HAVE to look happy in the rain. You're in for a make-believe ducking but it makes a change from cocktail dresses or mink and it cools you off when the lights are too bright. Models work hard. Most start by joining agencies, landing a few small jobs which lead to more. Few reach the dizzy heights of the £2,000-a-year girls

bliss when the camera isn't looking!

GLAMOUR? BUT IT'S SO HARD ON THE FEET!

It's a job with hours of standing, smiling, stretching into impossible poses . . . and lots of little things the camera doesn't see. Like the box inside a belt to make it fit, the pulling, pinning and padding and the shoes that pinched until you eased them off inch by inch . . . aaaah!

The session is over . . . there's a contract to sign, just time for a cup of tea and a few repairs—models must never look untidy or tired. Then a dash for the taxi, another studio, a quick change, more lights, more photographs, more dresses. Always more smiles

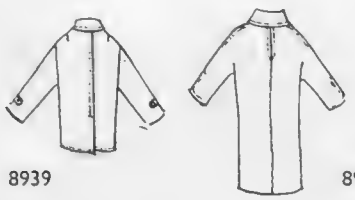
Eve's VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

THE COAT YOU MAKE YOURSELF

Two simple coats to make with the minimum of fuss, the maximum of ease—with crystal-clear instructions to guide you all the way

The traditional double-breasted coat comes in two lengths. We used the shorter version for our chunky jacket in camel-coloured wool coating. Easy step-by-step guide. Ideal for country wear, or dressed-up with black accessories for town. Vogue Pattern 8939 ; 3*s.* 6*d.*; *sizes* 31-42

A "Very-Easy-to-Make" coat—straightforward in design, straightforward to sew. Another point in its favour is that it is cut in Misses and Junior Misses sizes so younger and/or shorter readers can make it too. Vogue Pattern 8945 ; 3*s.*; *Junior Misses* 30½-35, *Misses* 31-38



8939 8945

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue Patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) Bust sizes as follows : Misses—31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 ; Junior Misses—30½, 31½, 33, 35.

***Fabric requirements for patterns in this issue are for size* 34 *bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include* 36 *in.*, 42 *in.*, 45 *in.*, 18 *in.*, *and* 54 *in.*

No.	Price		Yards	Width
8939	3s. 6d.	Double-breasted coat in two lengths .. (in short version shown)	2⅛	54 in.
8945	3s. 0d.	"Very-Easy-to-Make" coat	3⅛	54 in.

8939 8945

SECURITY AFFAIR

(*Continued from page* 16)

"Surely you've enough troubles with your tourists?"

"You did me a kindness. Perhaps I can help."

In that instant she knew that he liked her as much as she liked him. The knowledge was comforting but paradoxical. Anyway, the whole position was preposterous, she reflected. Here was the man she had been sent to watch. Soon she would have to report on their meeting.

"On a heavenly Spring day in Paris it ought to be a love-affair," he said quietly, staring down at his empty coffee cup. "Anything else is banal. And mine's such a dull subject; a matter of business policy."

He looked up at her, smiling, and she thought that Security had not warned her against this smile.

"My firm are manufacturing chemists. I'm not primarily a chemist. My job's factory lay-out and general efficiency. Some of our products are manufactured under licence and sold exclusively to the government. It's a duty, shall we say, but not unduly remunerative.

"I want to concentrate on our free products, switch production from a small plant to a large one, get into an entirely new range of sales. But my board won't have it. The maddening thing is that they aren't a collection of extinct volcanoes or doddering old gentlemen but mostly about my own age. Only terribly cautious. The firm's doing well enough, so why worry?"

SHE folded her gloves, then unfolded them as if that would solve the problem.

"It is difficult, I can understand that. And you've come to Paris to give yourself time to decide whether to resign or not?"

"Yes, in a way."

"From the little you've told me, I don't think you should, I think you should fight."

He fiddled with a spoon in the empty cup. "Can you have lunch today?"

"I'd made a vague date but I could wriggle out if I can telephone."

"They'll have a telephone here." He called the waiter and in what sounded to her fluent French asked if madame could telephone. "French telephones are highly temperamental and if you give the waiter the number he'll get it for you."

She repeated the number, wondering if she had made a mistake. He could check her call.

In a flurry of white apron the waiter went away and presently returned, beckoning, smiling broadly as if something miraculous had been accomplished.

She went to the phone. "This is Hilary."

"Oh yes, Hilary?" Instinctively she disliked the unknown voice of her contact. "Have you arranged for the buses to pick up our people outside the Madeleine?"

"Yes. They're to be forty-four seaters."

"Each with a hostess?"

"Yes."

The code sentences of recognition completed, she waited.

"Are you certain about him?"

"No . . . not quite." She was conscious of a hesitation in her voice.

"When do you expect to be certain?"

"I'm having lunch with him."

"Good." (*Continued on page* 45)

Those far away foods with strange sounding names!

Continuing our theme of food for the amateur gourmet (and that includes you!) we present this month delicacies from the world over—Danish ham in whisky, Dijon mustard made with white wine, best Beluga caviare. . . . A feast for the eyes as well as the palate, this delectable selection will give supreme pleasure

THE "CHART" WILL HELP YOU FOLLOW THE COLOUR PICTURE

1. Finest chocolates filled with Solera "La Riva" 1840 sherry, 12s. 6d. a box. Harrods, London.
2. An exceptional selection of flavoured process cheese from Switzerland, 19s. 6d. Harrods.
3. Stilton, the prince of English cheeses, from Vale of Belvoir, 15s. Harrods.
4. Italian white truffles, excellent for flavouring ragoûts, 4s. 3d. Lina Stores, 18 Brewer Street, W.1.
5. Segu, a French truffle pâté. £1, Lina Stores.
6. Cocktail savoury—anchovy and mushroom paste, by Escoffier, 2s. 3d. Parmigiani, Old Compton Street, W.1.
7. Delicious with toast and biscuits—anchovy paste, by Burgess, 6s. 6d. Harrods.
8. Caviare—eat as a relish with toast, pepper, lemon juice and oil. 36s. Harrods.
9. Canard à l'orange—half a duck roasted with oranges, 30s. Bourbon, 18 Wardour Street, W.1.
10. Russian caviare, best Beluga, with large grey grains, £10. Fortnum & Mason, W.1.
11. Sugoro, a good Italian mushroom sauce for all pastas, 2s. 4d. Lina Stores.
12. Danish ham cooked in undiluted Scotch whisky, 30s. Harrods.
13. Moutarde Florida, mustard prepared with wine from the champagne district, 6s. Bourbon.
14. Salato Misto, slices of various Italian sausages and smoked ham, 7s. 6d. Lina Stores.
15. Grey Poupon, famous Dijon mustard made with white wine. Plus spoon, 7s. 3d. Lina Stores.
16. Real turtle soup with a large piece of turtle meat, 6s. Bourbon.
17. Carlsbad plums soaked in gin for dessert, 12s. 6d. Fortnum & Mason.
18. Elegant earthenware pot of superb Strasbourg foie gras pâté, 90s. Harrods.
19. Piquant chilli sauce from Hongkong. 4s. Little Pulteney Stores, 27 Brewer Street, W.1.
20. Antipasto Extra, Italian hors d'oeuvre of mushrooms, artichokes, pimentos, anchovies, 8s. 6d. Harrods.
21. From Sweden, sliced fried turkey, tossed in sherry, 11s. 9d. Fortnum & Mason.
22. Chinese bean curd, like cheese and as versatile, 2s. Little Pulteney Stores.
23. Tenderest stem ginger in syrup, in five-colour Nanking globes, 60s. Fortnum & Mason.
24. Dusseldorf mustard, wonderful with hot frankfurters, 3s. 9d. Del Monico, 66 Old Compton St., W. 1.
25. In a big two-handled mug, pure Wiltshire Down honey, 15s. Harrods.
26. Rich titbits of Norwegian herring, marinated in wine sauce, 1s. Parmigiani.
27. Mediterranean mackerel fillets with pickles in white wine, 1s. 4d., Sandret, 70 Old Compton Street, W.1.
28. A succulent dessert of finest strawberries, in brandy, 16s. 9d. Fortnum & Mason.
29. Ballotine de dinde—sliced turkey, goose liver and truffles. Very rich. 1 gn. Bourbon.
30. Antipasto, enough hors d'oeuvre for one splendid orgy, 3s. 6d. Lina Stores.
31. In its own ink, octopus from Spain, 2s. Gomez Ortega, 74 Old Compton Street, W.1.
32. Natural snails, from Normandie, with shells thrown in, 8s. Lina Stores.
33. Whole Scotch grouse in natural broth, with port wine, 15s. Fortnum & Mason.
34. Choice Italian fruits in fascinating syrup with mustard, 6s. 6d. Lina Stores.

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Prima Donna
Passegrain
JOSE R. CURBERA S.A.
GROUSE

Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of—EGG NOG

ONCE the rage of the Elizabethans—now the latest party gimmick. Throw away diet charts, forget the inches, and enjoy a luscious mixture of eggs, cream and milk, laced with rum or brandy.

Having a party? Then serve your guests an EGG NOG—you'll find they clamour for more. And like champagne, it's a drink for any time of the day.

To be smart, serve the egg nog in a large cut-glass bowl at least fifteen inches wide and four inches deep. (It's unorthodox, but I prefer a warm-coloured bowl.)

To whet your appetite—an Elizabethan Egg Nog, illustrated on the left. Beat until thick 4 egg yolks, 2 tbsp. of castor sugar and a wineglass of brandy. Bring 2 pints of milk to the boil and pour over the egg mixture. Stir very gently over a low heat until it turns to a custard. Add a good ounce of finely chopped almonds, a grating of nutmeg and finely grated rind of half a lemon. Stir and leave to cool slightly. Tip this custard into a large bowl, pouring into the centre to keep it even. Leave to set.

Whip egg whites with 1 oz. of castor sugar and a des. of brandy until stiff. Fold in 1 gill of stiffly whipped cream. Pile on custard. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Eat with a spoon.

☆ ☆ ☆

You may prefer to use individual glasses for late party-comers or to cope with a sudden demand. Here is a simple, quick version of the Elizabethan recipe.

Whisk 2 egg whites till stiff but not dry. Beat egg yolks, adding 2 tbsp. of castor sugar and 2 cups of milk until thoroughly blended. Add ½ tsp. of vanilla and fold in egg whites. Pour into cups or glasses and sprinkle with nutmeg. Serves four.

You can easily vary this recipe: chocolate—add 1 tbsp. of cocoa or more according to taste; fruit—3 tbsp. of orange, grapefruit or lemon juice; laced—add 3 tbsp. of rum, whisky, brandy or sherry; rich—use half cream, half milk and 3 tbsp. of brandy.

Remember egg nog MUST be fresh—you cannot make it hours beforehand.

Some of your friends may insist on fighting the battle of the extra inches. For them, mulled wine or ale and fruit cup.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mulled Wine: Put 1 cup each of water and sugar into a saucepan with 3 sticks of cinnamon and 12 whole allspice, place over a low heat, bring to boiling point and simmer for 5 minutes. Pour over 2 lemons sliced thinly and studded with whole cloves. Let it stand half an hour. Add 3 cups of red wine, heat slowly to under boiling point. Serve hot.

Mulled Ale: Into a saucepan put 1 quart of ale, 1 tbsp. of castor sugar or to taste, pinch of ground ginger, cinnamon and cloves. Bring to boiling point, add 1 goblet of rum or whisky. Strain, adding more spirits and spice if required. Serve at once.

Fruit Cup: Peel of 1 apple, slices of orange, strips of cucumber, piece of apple, cherries, slices of lemon, a few mint leaves into a tall jug. Pour a good wineglass of rum over the fruit. Let it stand a few hours. In another jug mix blackcurrant juice—not too strong—and add it to the fruit just before the guests arrive. Keep at room temperature.—B.R.

SECURITY AFFAIR

(Continued from page 42)

How cold-blooded the voice sounded. She might have made a useful business contact for a profitable deal. Instead she was about to sign a man's death warrant.

"I'll ring you later," she said.

"At five. Not later."

He sounded impatient. With sick, sudden, bitter apprehension she wondered if his work gave him pleasure. Security had been so guarded. She had to make contact with Robert Crossman before mid-day today and arrange for him to be identified by this unknown agent. Thereafter her part was done. But Security had been insistent. The vital urgency of her mission had been stressed. Crossman would have the samples with him.

She came out again into the brilliant sunshine and saw him still sitting at the table.

He stood up. "All right?"

She nodded.

"That's fine. There's rather a favourite place of mine in the Bois."

Their taxi had its hood down. Life suddenly, with a sense of macabre drama, offered her everything. But there was a phone call to make at five.

Almost shyly, but with complete naturalness, he took Hilary's hand as they sat in the taxi. In Paris, on a Spring day, one didn't ride stiffly apart, each in his own corner.

He was an amusing guide, pointing out what he thought might interest her. The taxi entered into the game, diving into traffic, extricating itself with screaming tyres from seeming destruction, hooting ecstatically. She wanted to laugh, to sing.

Then she shivered and felt Philip start. "Cold?"

She shook her head. But the coldness of death lay very near to her for by this time tomorrow he might well be floating in the Seine.

A *MAITRE D'HOTEL* greeted Philip and they spoke in French.

Philip turned to her. "Our friend suggests we might like to lunch out of doors. The chestnuts are in flower. Or will you be cold?"

He smiled and she caught the infectious gaiety of his mood, despite her own deep apprehension.

"That sounds heaven."

Heaven, she thought, while this grim drama moves forward every minute.

They had a table under a huge chestnut and Philip leant against the trunk, craning upward to see the pink candles.

This didn't fit, none of it fitted, she thought desperately. Would any man, with a mortal load of treachery on his shoulders behave like this?

She wanted to phone, impress on her remote, callous contact the dreadful mistake, countermand his orders. Instead, she could only smile at Philip.

When they were drinking coffee and *fins* he said, "If you can do this for one tourist, your firm's going to make a fortune."

"But you aren't a tourist."

He took her hand quite openly, on the table, while the waiter refilled their cups and again it seemed fitting.

"Can we dance tonight?"

Between now and tonight lay five o'clock. She'd lie, she decided. Anything, so long as the contact waited.

Suddenly she was determined he must never strike. Whatever this man had done—even if he was a traitor—she must protect him. She must be a shield instead of an instrument of destruction. This might mean the end of her work, that she too became a betrayer, but she couldn't help it.

"You are *Philip* Crossman?" she said softly, looking anywhere but at him.

"Yes, why?"

"Not *Robert* Crossman?"

"Robert?"

The sudden stress in his voice sent her heart to destruction.

"Do you know him?" she heard herself ask, as if she had been in another room.

"He's my cousin. On our Board."

"*Your* Board?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact we're so alike we're often taken for twins. Robert was coming to Paris up to the last minute. Then quite suddenly he backed out and asked me if I'd like to go instead. I told you I'd been worrying and the chance seemed too good to miss. He asked me to take some things for him to a friend and as he'd given me his air ticket and hotel reservation it seemed only civil."

HER heart jumped. Up, up, up. Over the moon. Then as suddenly down.

If he had brought something to Paris for Robert it would probably already have been delivered. If it was still in his hotel, the room would have been carefully, painstakingly searched by now and his guilt established. Nothing she could say could save him.

"Have you . . . have you seen this friend of Robert's?"

He looked at her strangely.

"I've been a bit slow," he said. "I only got here last evening. I woke up and saw what a divine day it was and had the insane idea to rush round to Charvet's and treat myself to a new tie. I meant to call Robert's friend afterwards and see him this afternoon. Instead, the kindest magician in the world waved his wand . . . and here I am."

She smiled and suddenly pressed his hand. She felt his pressure in return on her fingers.

"Do you know what your cousin wanted you to give to this friend?"

"No. But I think it was miniatures. Robert dabbles a lot in miniatures and he's spoken of a man over here who's an expert. He may have wanted to avoid some of these tiresome formalities you have to go through these days if you want to take anything remotely suggesting a work of art out of the country. Old Robert's a queer sort in many ways. It was a very small parcel and I put it in my coat pocket."

He was silent for a moment, slowly raising his brandy glass. "It was probably weak of me," he said, "but I was grateful to him for the chance to get away."

"Grateful!" she said, noticing his surprise at the violence of her tone. "If your cousin *(Continued on page 67)*

ONE LONG HOLIDAY? THAT'S

CONFESSIONS BY THE WORLD'

EVE's roaming reporter—

Sheila Cole—lets her hair down

about the men and women she has met, the places she's seen

"*THIS is Sheila Cole,*" they say. "*She's been in twenty-one countries in the last four years,*" they say. And then it starts. "Darling, it must be FAB-ulous—seeing all those places I mean. It's just like . . . well, just like one long holiday, isn't [*giggle*] it?"

One day I am going to say: "*No, it isn't. It's a job, sister. A damned hard job.*" But if I do I will crack and say a lot more—and I'm a reporter, and reporters are (well, almost always) only rude to their own kind of people.

So I smile. But it isn't one long holiday. In fact it isn't even a short holiday. It is all things (so much more consuming than one thing at a time). It is work and leisure, pleasure and sorrow, fun and fear, yesterday . . . and tomorrow.

☆ ☆ ☆

Rome, Athens, Kenya, Cairo, Istanbul . . . Ipswich. Saris and cigarette butts; Flamenco music and factories; Masai rituals and misery.

Parents send you on your first journey, wherever it may be. They teach you at an early age to take care of yourself, or they let you visit Aunt Susan and you get the knack. You acquire that delicious first opportunity—self sufficiency.

Or maybe they quarrel so much that the first time you go it is of your own accord. That happens, too. But no matter how it happens, they send you. And then they ask *you* why. They don't understand *why*.

If you are smart (the kind of smart that wins at the races, beats the Stock Exchange, spots a bargain in the Christmas sales, and can bring the same roulette number up three spins in a row) . . . if you are *smart*, you'll quit while you are winning.

The world *isn't* one big pumpkin (it'd never try to sell you that bit), but it isn't a bowl of whipped cream or a strawberry tart, either.

It is huge, hard and horrible when you are moving around in it, and once you get that dread disease, the one that makes you sip, swirl the sharp taste around in your mouth, and then swallow fast so you don't feel the rest going down, you remember hardest that the *taste* was good, and pretend to forget the rest.

☆ ☆ ☆

You remember the ruins in Greece in the moonlight (everyone always remembers the moonlit ruins in Athens). But you also remember the handsome Israeli woman who gave you her husband as a bodyguard when she saw you both off to Cyprus . . . you a stranger, he her only possession in a country so new and frightening there just aren't any possessions possible now.

You remember a Christmas in the Kenya bush with a couple of woodsy types, a lot of wild animals and a bottle of port wine. You remember the Fourteenth of July in Paris with the lights and the fireworks and the jazz and a dugout bistro and the taste of Gaulois cigarettes.

You store up and covet the memory of a day at the trotting races, the caves and the Circ Togni in Milano. You wrinkle your eyes and smile in Piccadilly Circus because the newspaper seller reminds you of the Holbein exhibition in Switzerland one year; or the girls remind you of Picasso in another country, another year.

You treasure the quiet, gentle full-of-Africa nights in the Kabaka's palace in Uganda, talking with a few friends about what if all the world was Uganda, or Uganda was all the world.

You can slither your fingers over the mud-wet vegetables in the Sokko in Tangier when you shop in your local Walton's.

You stand in a boring department store in another country, trying to retrieve for your heart a magnificent chandelier of crystal in the north of Spain. And you order fish every chance you get, hoping to bring back the scent of the sea and mint and ivy from Praia das Maças in Portugal.

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And you remember and cry a little about a rather dingy London club and a kindness that grew out of someone you could always trust to be there. But London is so far away.

You try to forget your flight fear, a gift from the only pilot you ever saw drunk, lying in his whiskey in a Beirut bar. You try not to hear the whiny Canadian somewhere near Turkey, "C'mon, sishter, ya can't tell me a girl journalist ain't lived . . . been 'round a bit . . . lived, I mean!" You pretend that Hollywood never happened. you shake the white sand from Malindi out into the same waste-basket that caught Florida sand half a dozen years before. You manufacture a little world in which the Egyptians and Jews love each other, because you know the sameness of Israel, Egypt and their people. And you bite hurting red marks in your lower lip, to keep yourself from screaming at so many youngsters going in your direction, "Walk, don't run, and things will come quickly towards you."

You develop the addict's need for pilaf the way the Spanish make it, bananas the way the Buganda boil them, escargots as are only possible in the secretest corners of France. You find yourself starved for meat and rice rolled in Greek grape leaves, for Italian lasagnia and Turkish kebabs, for latkas and borsch. Even though you can cook and have all the recipes and most of the ingredients, it isn't the same served in your spotless little kitchen on the other side of the world.

And you make friends, big, warm,

THIS GIRL COLE

Sheila Cole has typed, telephoned and tape-recorded her way through twenty-one countries in the last four years. She is twenty-six, came to Britain from America just over four years ago.

In addition to writing for EVE she is known to the *intelly*gentsia (you may recall seeing her on commercial some time ago), also produces night-club cabaret shows and writes books. Versatile is the word.

Is now home in Milwaukee seeing Mama, but will shortly be moving west to look up old friends in Hollywood and then write a piece for us on Mexico.

WHAT YOU THINK!

A 'ROUND GIRL...

gentle, loving friends who cry when you go away and who write and want to know when you are coming back. Friends who remind you at Christmas and on your birthday (and at any other time they think of writing) about the time when . . . or remember that place with the . . . or wasn't she a perfect . . . or (worst of all) : You *said* you were coming back.

Gently back. Gently back. You get back. It isn't the same. It isn't different, either. It is just not the same.

You fall in love, somewhere. Then somewhere else. There are those who dispute that, who say, "Only children and church-mice love many." But each time it becomes more beautiful.

And love, like a flower . . . breeding it, cross-breeding it, then nursing it along . . . becomes more perfect. Harder to find, perhaps, but more perfect once found. And from the cross-breed of the irregular motion, the changing languages, the alternate climates, the growth of your knowledge of the world and its contents, you wake and find yourself a cynic.

☆ ☆ ☆

But so what. Even a cynic can love, and in your new birth you become a rather universal lover. You find that you can see each petal bend itself back calmly to open a flower; you can see the little bubble curl round in a bird's throat just before he bursts into song.

Days last longer . . . and so do the nights. People you love become magnified; and those you do not like disintegrate in your memory so quickly they do not matter at all.

And in your heart you learn gradually that the cynic grows tired. That he wants to go away someplace and sleep. That the little bitternesses that become part of your insane life of multiple locations are enlarged simply in your constantly growing understanding of what is *really* peace.

And though the cynic in you keeps saying, "Honey, there jes' *ain't* no peace!" you know he's tired and will listen to reason. You know, though you hear the other teams cheering their slogans, "Women were born to make babies, rah-rah-rah!" and "Worldhoppers never settle down, hip-hip-hooray!" that when peace comes it will be perfect.

It will contain the quiet of the Swiss lakes, the constancy of the Egyptian pyramids, the texture of the Israeli desert, the height of a Tanganyika mountain, the span of Sudan, the full-rooted green of the Belgian Congo, the vivacity of a Parisian spring, the humble nature of Italian church bells, the depth of the Atlantic. And the comfort of a pair of arms quietly holding you to protect you from all the rest.

I'M JUST NOT ONE OF THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GIRLS

Oh, why do I always find

I CAN'T—when I've bought

enough handy kits to build a house

—*says* PHOEBE WINCH

THE do-it-yourself jobs always SOUND so simple. And judging by the number of "how-to" books and the tool kits in the handyman shops, everyone else is doing it themselves *all* the time. But the books always tell you how to build an aviary, paper a room, or install hi-fi, in *perfect* conditions. They don't take into account the strange way things happen in one's own house.

Real do-it-yourselfers can devote a whole day to staining their floors. They are not separated from the milkman who wants 17s. 8½d. and hasn't any change, by a tacky expanse of half-stained boards; they don't have spiders lurking behind bookcases who scamper out and stick in the varnish. (No doubt there are books to tell you how to deal with spiders by fumigation and sealing off the room. But what happens if you don't discover the spiders until the floor is half-stained?)

My do-it-yourself seems to be confined to making very small curtains for very small windows, shapeless dresses with no plackets, darts, or buttonholes, and knitting a great many bootees for other people's babies.

But I am always ready to be advised by experts. I go to the local ironmonger to buy a pot of paint to cover a mottled patch which has appeared on the bathroom wall.

"Emulsion?" asks the ironmonger. I nod hopefully.

"I wouldn't, if I were you. Is the wall blistered?"

"No," I say.

"It will be. I'd strip it if I were you. Those old walls at your place. Of course, what it really needs is replastering. If a job's worth doing. . . ." He looks at me significantly, and I go out laden with rollers, scrapers, undercoats, overcoats. . . .

What the helpful man in the ironmongery doesn't know is that no two jobs need the same tools. So we have a chest crammed with specialist tools, none of which is ever used twice.

Even spanners—and we buy spanners by the dozen—never seem to fit the next bolt that is due to work loose. And no electric plug has ever fitted a socket either, although we have boxes of plugs.

Paintbrushes *should* last for ever, and so should paint rollers. But although I wash them out carefully when I've finished with them, they are always coated with a sort of chewing gum when I need them again and have to be thrown away.

How *do* other people manage?

I talked to **Janette Scott** about the much-publicised eight-bedroom sixteenth-century house she and her parents have bought in Buckinghamshire for week-ending. They have decorated it throughout themselves.

☆ ☆ ☆

"I said I'd paint all the doors—all twenty-eight of them," said Janette. "I got the decorating bug badly. I started at eight o'clock in the morning and just had to go on and on until eleven o'clock in the evening. It was very satisfactory though.

"So far, we've managed to keep it 'fun' and we've almost finished. Then we've got to furnish it. At the moment we have two deck chairs, one grandfather clock and a card table!"

Another ardent do-it-yourselfer is twenty-five year old photographer **Anthony Armstrong Jones.** He has a studio in Pimlico and lives in what must have been a cramped, dark, under-the-pavement basement.

He has wired the whole place so that in every room music wafts out from under tables. He can lie in bed and talk to people outside his front door, in the dark room, or in the studio, as well as listen to music.

"It is quite simple—you just run the wires under the floorboards and through the ceilings," he said. "I had two years architectural training which I gave up because I wasn't very good at it, but I suppose it has helped a bit." He has made sliding kitchen cupboards with no visible means of support, and even arranged an invisible fan to take away kitchen smells.

I left this rather surprising young man surrounded by Victoriana, wafted music and photographs of the Duke of Kent, ladies in Coronation regalia and Alec Guinness, and went to call on **Cathy Lee,** wife of the poet, Laurie Lee.

I found her right in the middle of decorating the seventh room in her flat.

☆ ☆ ☆

"I seem to have been painting and wall-papering for ever. Everything was dark grey and chocolate brown and had to be scraped away," she said,

"The awful thing about scraping is that you get deeper and deeper into the wall-papers other people have put on and finally make such a hole you have to fill it up with plaster."

Cathy's decorating has a professional touch. "I gave everything three coats to start with," she explained. "But now I'm getting a bit more slap-dash. The awful thing is that some of the rooms which only have one or two coats look just as good. . . .

"The part I hate is all the moving and washing and cleaning which has to be done before you can have any fun with the paint. Sometimes I get so exhausted I just sit at the top of a ladder and sob because everything has gone wrong. . . ."

All three do-it-yourselfers agreed on one point. To do-it-yourself successfully you need oceans and oceans of patience—which I for one haven't got.

So I shall just have to confine myself to one-day-only jobs like painting the bathroom cupboard. For which I shall need some sandpaper, a paint brush, some paint, a very small screwdriver, a couple of Rawlplugs and something to cover the craters I've made in the bathroom wall. . . .

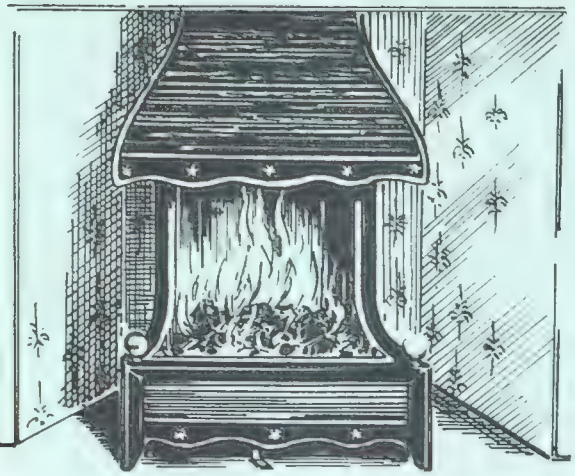
On the other hand, the window cleaner said he'd fix it for me for 7s. 6d. He is coming next Monday. . . .

BRITANNIA and

Report Number Four from the EVE Wives' Panel—the only completely independent survey dealing with British domestic equipment. . . . This month:

SOLID FUEL STOVES

NOW SEE THE WIVES' COMMENTS



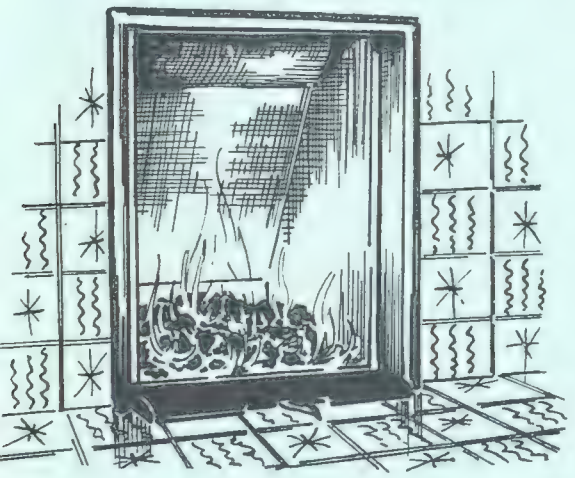
RAYBURN Open Fire by Allied Ironfounders Ltd., 28 Brook Street, London. Elegance of the past and advantages of today make this a fire for all settings. Made of cast iron with firebrick-lined firebox. Free-standing fire designed for a recess. Fitted with throat restrictor and a small lever to control the rate of burning. Thrives on any fuel and can be left for 10 hours without attention. Space heating capacity: 16-in. size: 1,500 to 2,500 cu. ft.; 18-in. size: 2,000 to 2,500 cu. ft. Burns between $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ cwt. a week. Finish: matt black with small metal stars. Price: 16-in. £26 9s., 18-in. £27 11s.

Panel: A fire that will grace any sitting-room. Continuous burning without being unsightly.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

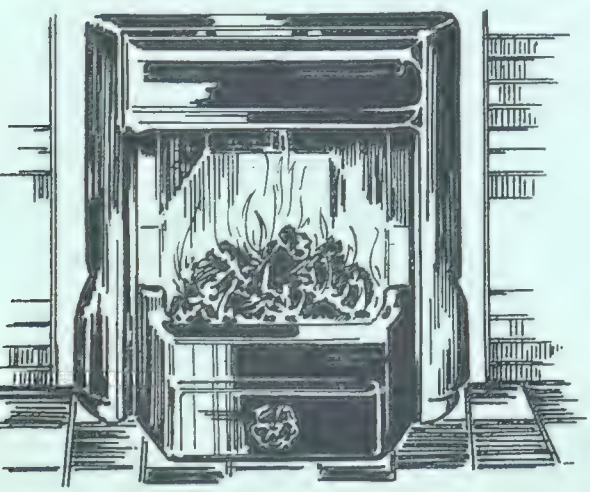
CHEVIN by Radiation Group Sales Ltd., Stratford Place, London. An inset convector fire which can be supplied with or without a boiler. Continuous burning, with winter fuel consumption averaging $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cwt. a week. Manufactured fuels, coal, coke and anthracite are recommended. Rate of burning is regulated and the fire is fitted with a throat restrictor. Loose ashpan holds one day's ash. Easy to keep clean. Space heating capacity: 1,950 cu. ft. Fireplace opening: 24 in. wide. Finish: mottle, bronze or black lustre. Price: from £11 5s. 3d. without boiler, £15 11s. 3d. with boiler.

Panel: Cannot see anything outstanding in this design—they do not question efficiency.



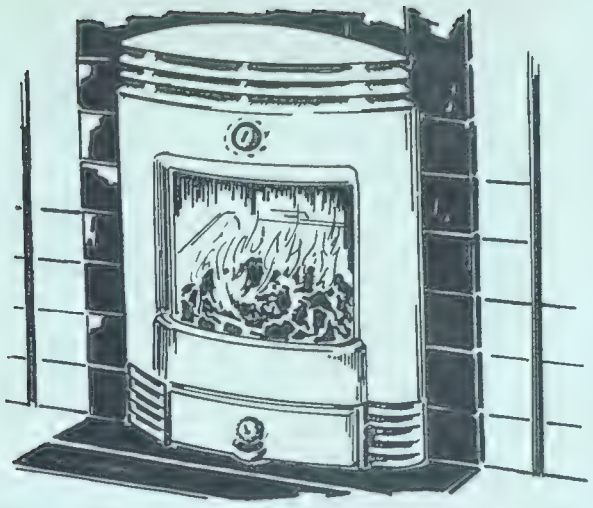
RAYBURN Sunk Fire by Allied Ironfounders Ltd., 28 Brook Street, London. Hearth level radiant heat with underfloor air supply. The 16-in. fire can be supplied with a boiler for hot water or central heating. Rate of burning is regulated by a lever which controls the air valve below the floor. Ashes need to be emptied only twice a week. Burns between 1 and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of fuel a week. Requires no attention for at least 10 hours. Space heating capacity: 16-in. 1,750 cu. ft., 18-in. 2,000 cu. ft. Finish: cream mottle or black vitreous enamel, Alisheen black, bramble, bronze or copper. Width of fire opening: 16 or 18 in. Price: from £8 17s. 8d.

Panel: No more cold toes. Disadvantage—the fire has to be out before ashes can be emptied.



CONVEX by Triplex Foundry Ltd., Tipton, Staffs. Here is a convector fire that will fit any 16- or 18-in. fireplace, without any structural alteration. Different top covers are provided for various openings from 22 to 25 in. high. Burns any type of fuel, and keeps in all night. Adjustable throat to keep heat in and draughts out, and rate of burning is easily controlled. Space heating capacity: 1,800 cu. ft. Finish: black or cream mottle, copper or armour lustre. Price: from £11 15s. 6d. Gas lighter and extension plate/trivet extra.

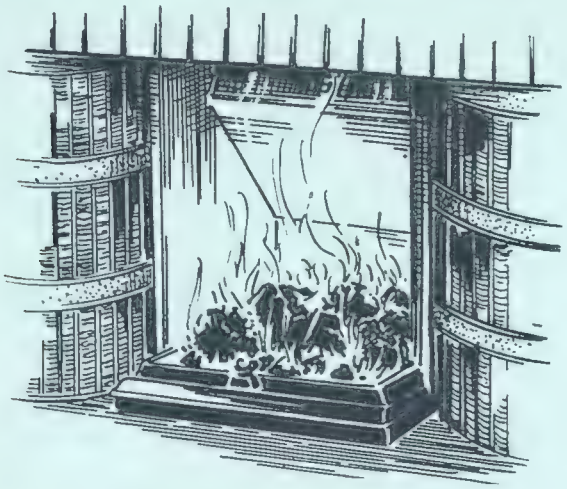
Panel: Thinks design unattractive would not compliment a sitting-room.



PARKRAY 4 by Radiation Group Sales Ltd., Stratford Place, London. This convector fire burns about four-fifths of the smoke from coal. It is fitted with back boiler which provides ample domestic hot water (even baths) and heats a radiator. Burns smokeless fuels. No dust when riddling the fire. Accurate heat control and adjustable throat. Under shut-down conditions will burn 10 hours without attention. Space heating capacity : 2,000 cu. ft. Finish : range of plain and lustre finishes. Fireplace opening : 20 in. wide. Price : from £24 9s. 3d.

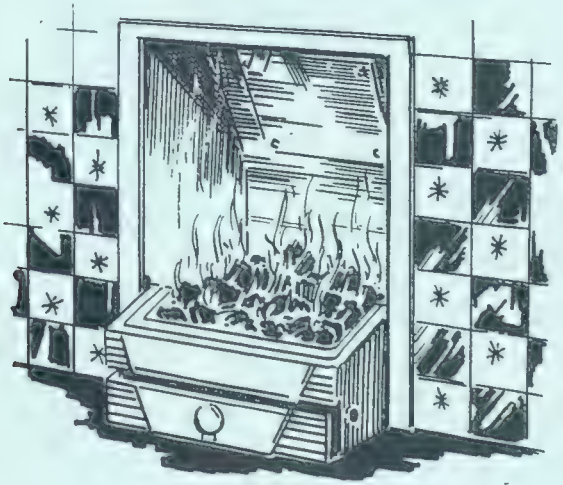
Panel: Well-designed fire. Installation and piping are added expenses to be taken into account when buying any fire with boiler.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



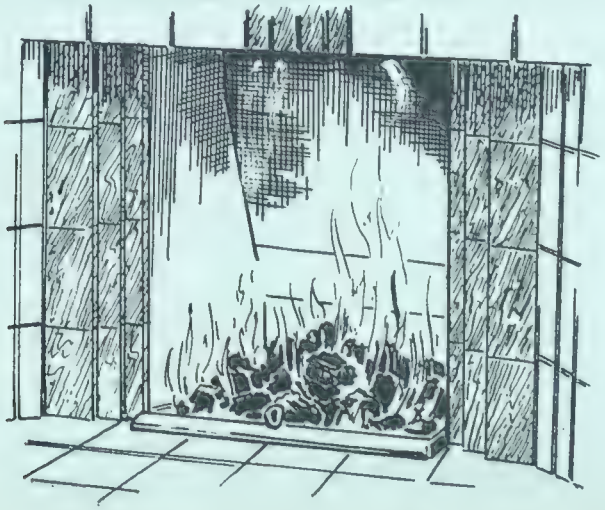
CLAYGATE-BELL by Claygate Fireplaces Ltd., Claygate, Surrey. Under-floor draught fire which cuts down room draughts by one-third. It will fit most fireplaces of any make with 16- or 18-in. fire openings. Burns at hearth level. The deep ashpan holds five to seven days ash. It is easily taken out and no dust is raised. Fuel consumption is regulated by the control in front of the fire which works the secondary air intake and the primary air draught underneath. Space heating capacity : 2,225 cu. ft. Finish : steel lustre. Price : 16-in. £14 11s.; 18-in. £15 6s.

Panel: A very neat design. You may have to have your hearth cut or raised before this fire can be fitted.



ROSI-FYRE by Glow-Worm Boilers Ltd., Milford, nr. Derby. A very simple heating unit, with or without back boiler, designed for all-night burning. The bottom grate is especially made to burn smokeless fuel efficiently, and can be made of special heat-resisting material. Heat loss up the chimney is prevented by adjustable throat. Burns manufactured and solid fuels of specified size. Easy to clean. Space heating capacity : 1,750 cu. ft. Finish : mottle beige or black vitreous enamel, Glowlustre, black, honey or copper. Price : from £3 1s. 6d.

Panel: Clean design and the heat-resisting firebars should give long service.

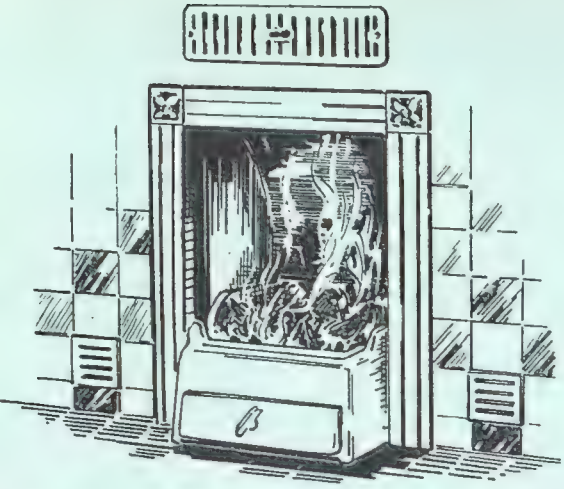


BAXI by Richard Baxendale & Sons Ltd., Chorley, Lancs. Special points of this under-draught fire include : sunk ashpan which holds about a week's ash, low level grate with raised back to throw out more heat at floor level. Controls give exceptionally quick lighting and revival of fuel. Can be installed in a room with solid floors or cellars underneath. Burns any type of solid fuel and eliminates room draughts. Convected heating and back boiler if required. Space heating capacity : from 3,000 cu. ft. Finish : choice of coloured vitreous enamel and lustre finishes. Sizes : 14 to 24 in. wide. Price : from £10 2s. 6d., including special sectional fireback.

Panel: This fire is very popular in the North and Midlands. It is reported to be very efficient. Pleasing design.

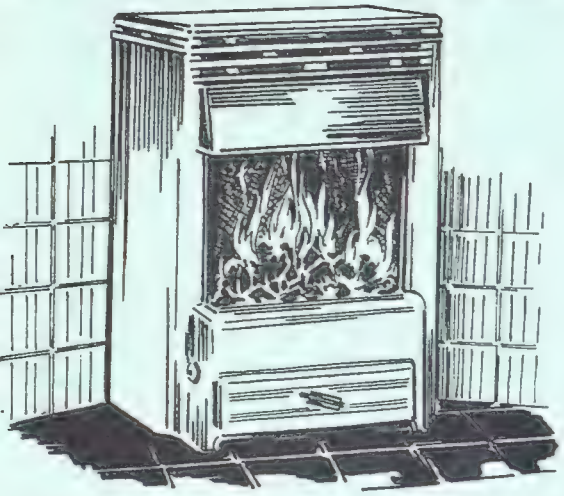
WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

Illustrations by PIDHERNEY



ROBEX by Maubard Industries Ltd., 86 Derbyshire Street, London. An all-steel ready-built heating unit, scientifically designed for best results. It is claimed that it raises the temperature of a 3,000 cu. ft. room from 60 to 72 deg. in four hours. Fuel consumption, about 3 lb. per hour and it will burn wood, coal, coke or any solid fuel. Convection ducts heat two rooms for the price of one. It can be used in any type of grate, and is fitted with a restricted throat. Price : £14 14s.

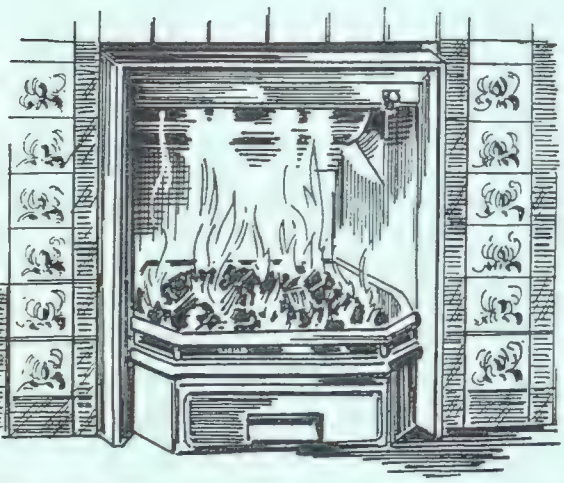
Panel: Feels that this fire has been replaced by convector units that do not require grilles in the surrounds.



JAVELIN by William Barraclough Ltd., Stanningley, Leeds. Self-contained convector fire which can be used in existing or new tiled fireplaces. Very easy to fit to hearth—unnecessary to unscrew or tamper with any parts. Burns all fuels efficiently, including the lower grades. Main air control adjusts heat output and the throat restrictor eliminates draughts. Continuous burning. Space heating capacity : 2,000 cu. ft. Dimensions : 16 in. wide and 22 in. high. Price : mottled cream, fawn and brown mixture, £12 14s. 3d.; cream, pewter, copper lustre, £13 15s. 9d.

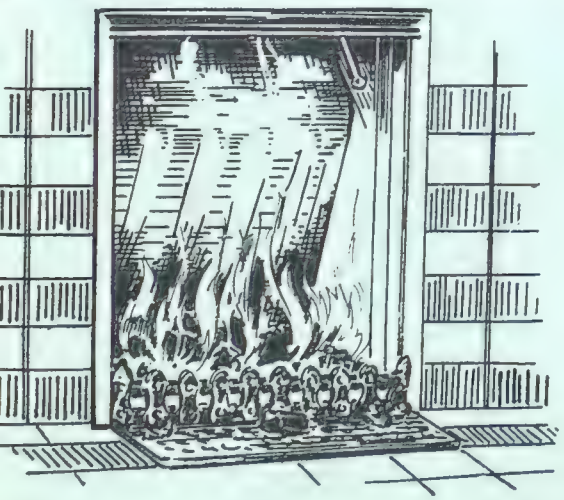
Panel: Why the stove appearance when it hasn't all the advantages of a stove? Good cheap fire of its kind.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



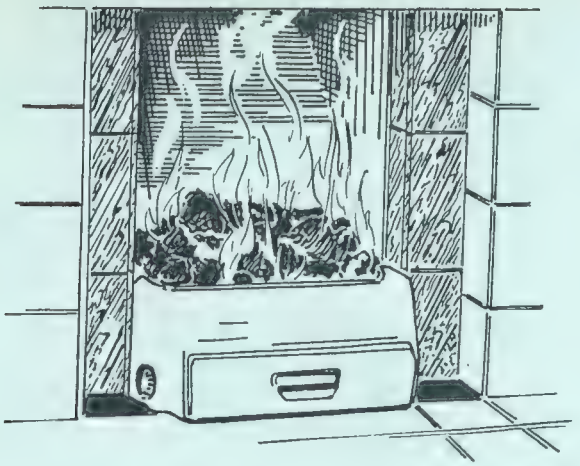
FINCH FIRE UNIT by B. Finch & Co., Ltd., Barkingside, Essex. Space-heating fire with the latest insulated concrete backing to retain heat. Designed to reduce excessive air changes, easily adjustable throat regulator. Self-contained unit requiring very simple installation. Continuous burning —average cost of a 24-hour day is 1s. 6d. for a room of 1,150 cu. ft. It burns gas coke, anthracite, bituminous and manufactured fuels. Available with or without a back boiler. Space heating capacity : 2,500 cu. ft. Width : 19½ in. Price : black or beige vitreous enamel £16 16s.; black, copper or grey lustre £17 11s. 9d.

Panel: Disapproves of the top bar on the grate—they think it is a dust and ash collector.



CLACO "SO-LOW" FIRE by Charles Lathe & Co., Ltd., Tipton, Staffs. Designed to give a controlled open fire at hearth level by drawing air from under the floor. Accurate damper control gives either slow burning or roaring fire, regulated by a lever at hearth level. Restricted chimney throat, fluted back brick for high radiation and firebricks to eliminate heat absorption. Burns coal, coke and smokeless fuel. Boiler obtainable. Space heating capacity : 2,000 cu. ft. Fire sizes : 16 or 18 in. Fire opening of tiled surrounds must not exceed 22 in. high. Price : from £9 19s. 9d.

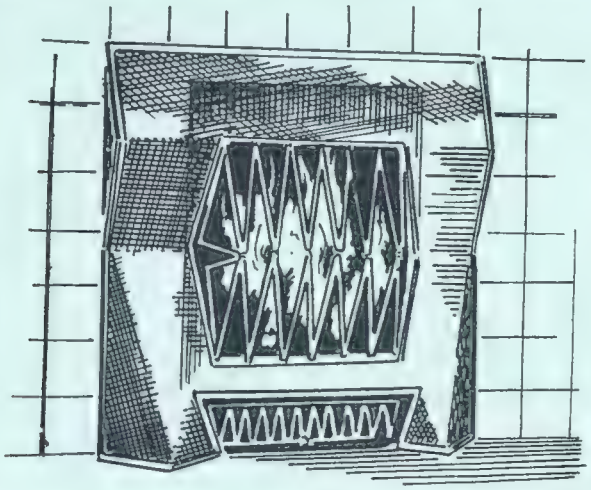
Panel: Dislikes the medieval portcullis.



NEWBOLD by Sidney Flavel & Co., Ltd., Leamington Spa. A grate designed for use without a boiler or in front of existing boiler. Very easy to install. The fire can be regulated for slow or fast burning, and the low fire front ensures a warm hearth. Specially recommended for use with coke, with which it gives high efficiency. Space heating capacity : 1,750 cu. ft. Fire sizes : 14 or 16 in. Finish : various vitreous enamel colours and lustre finishes. Price : from £3 13s.

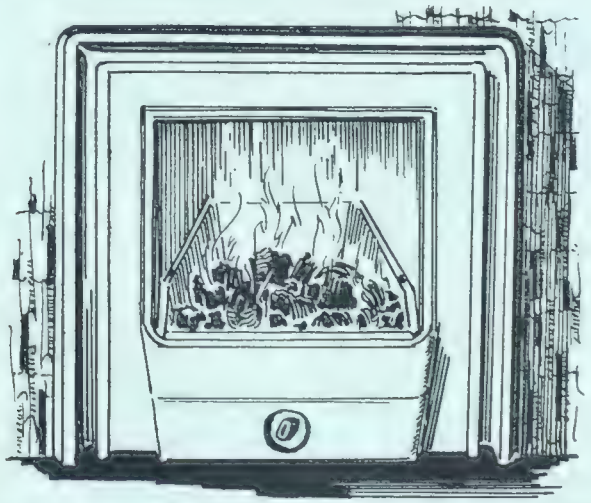
Panel: Pleasant, plain-looking fire, easy to keep clean. This type of fire should not be fitted in a room larger than 1,750 cu. ft.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



REDFYRE by Newton, Chambers & Co., Ltd., Sheffield. A compromise between the open fire and the closed stove. This free-standing convector fire is attached to the chimney opening through a flexible flue. It will fit any normal 14-, 16-, 18- or 20-in. fireplace. The built-in safety guard, which never gets unduly hot, is a standard fitting. Burns about 1 lb. of fuel an hour. Space heating capacity : 2,000 cu. ft. Dimensions : 24 in. square. Finish : metallic with gilt mesh screen. Price : £12 15s. 6d.

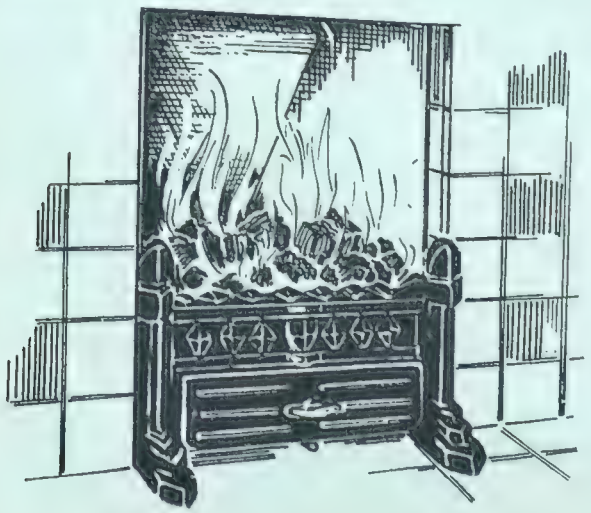
Panel: Very mixed views about the design of this fire.



RAYBURN CONVECTOR FIRE by Allied Ironfounders Ltd., Brook Street, London. This fire gives the cheerfulness of an open grate, yet saves 40 per cent on fuel. Fitted with a throat restrictor and a spin-wheel air control, it burns brightly but never wastefully. With extension plate supplied, the fire will burn for 10 hours without attention, on all domestic fuels. Space heating capacity : 2,250 cu. ft. Structural opening : 18 in. wide and 24 in. high. Price : from £24 5s.

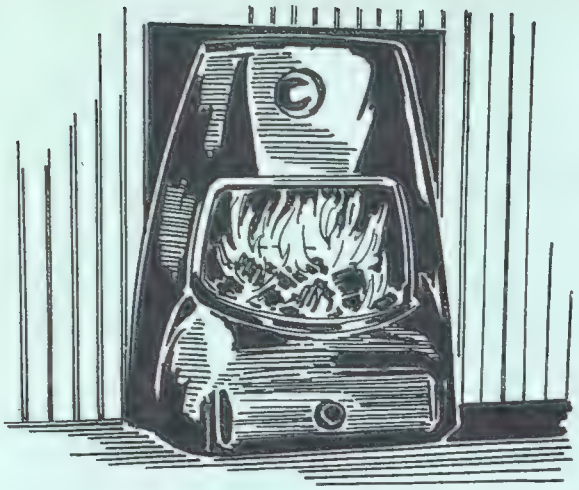
Panel: A fire that is startlingly hot. Masterpiece of design and definitely worth the money. Top marks.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



FIREMASTER WONDERDRAUGHT by Ouzledale Foundry Co., Ltd., Barnoldswick, Lancs. The makers claim that this fire has all the advantages of their portable fire plus underfloor draught. It is designed to work with all existing back boilers without alteration. Dual air control to regulate burning and fuel consumption. Continuous burning. Ashes can be removed whilst the fire is alight. Burns all fuels, especially efficient with smokeless ones. Simple to install. Space heating capacity : 1,750 cu. ft. Fire opening : 16 in. Finish : choice of heat-resisting vitreous enamel colours. Price : from £6 3s. 6d.

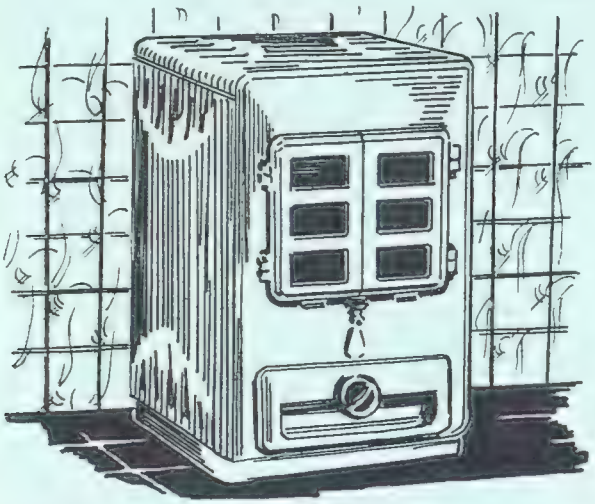
Panel: Do not like the fussy design. They think it would be awkward to clean.



HURDAPTA by Hurseal Ltd., Regent Street, London. An unusual design of convector-open fire of high efficiency. Easy adjustable damper in front framework controls flue opening. It will fit any fireplace or stand in an alcove. No alterations required, simple to install. Incorporates a safety fire-screen and coverplate kept under ashpan when required for all-night use. Consumes 1 to 1½ lb. of fuel per hour and burns coal, coke or "Coalite." Can be used with safety in caravans or yachts. Space heating capacity : 1,750 cu. ft. Finish : cream, black, copper, grey, green or pewter. Price : £12 9s. 6d.

Panel: All like the unusual appearance—Miss Leigh confirms its efficiency.

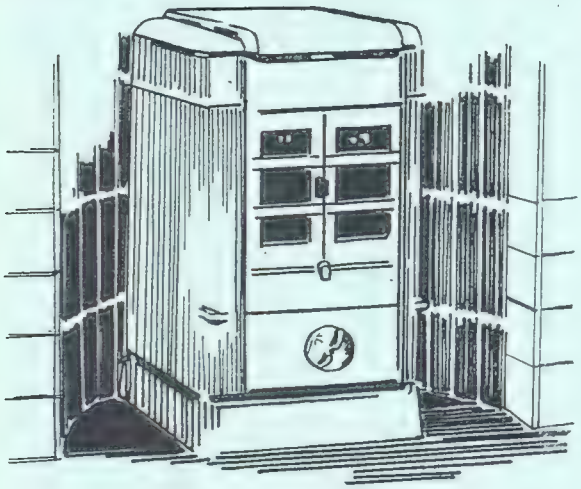
WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



TORGLOW by Jones & Campbell Ltd., Larbert, Stirlingshire. A room heater specially designed to radiate and convect warm air evenly. Rate of burning controlled by spinner and blade on ashpit door. The shaker bottom-grate ensures dust-free riddling. Burns ½ lb. fuel per hour closed and about 2 lb. when open. It can be kept alight 10 hours without attention. Back boiler can be fitted. Available in three sizes : 16, 18 or 19¾ in. wide. Space heating capacity : 2A—2,000 cu. ft.; 1A—3,500 cu. ft.; A—5,000 cu. ft. Finish : black, green or brown lustre, mushroom, grey or cream. Price : from £16 9s.

Panel: Very efficient and inexpensive at the price.

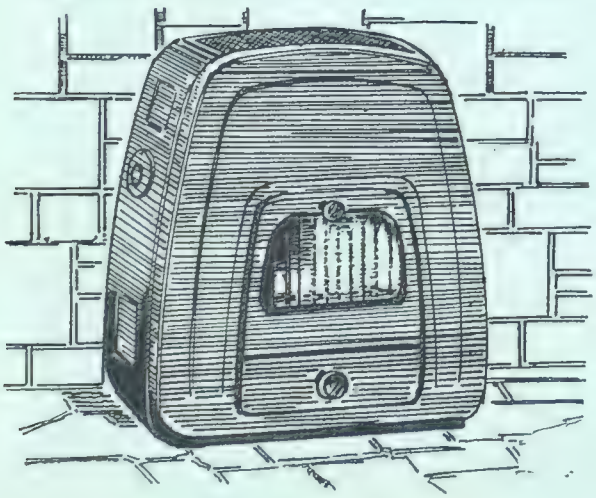
WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



COURTIER 5M by Mitchell, Russell & Co., Ltd., Bonnybridge, Scotland. Known as the stove with the disappearing doors. When burning as an open fire the doors are tucked away behind the hinged side panels. Free circulation of warm air from top outlets in frame. Rate of burning controlled by the air regulator spinner on ash-door. Continuous burning, uses solid or manufactured fuels. A stand can be supplied for fireplaces with a raised kerb. Space heating capacity : 3,000 cu. ft. Width : 18 in. Finish : choice of coloured enamel in mottle or lustre finish. Price : from £25 8s. 9d.

Panel: Welcomes the feature of doors that disappear—a great improvement. A very efficient fire.

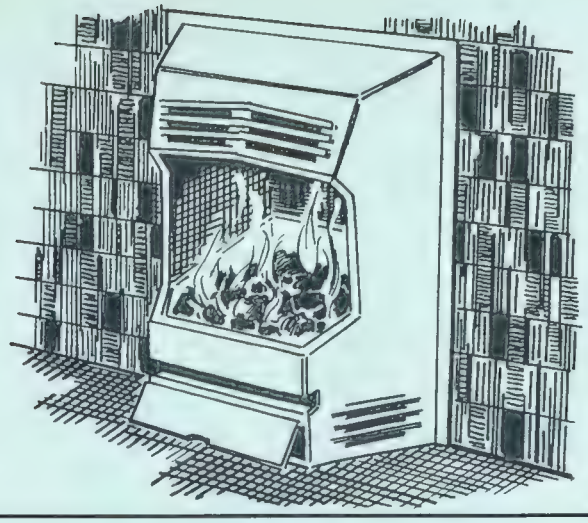
WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



ESSE AUTOVECTOR by Smith & Wellstood Ltd., Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire. At last, a robot stove that requires a minimum of attention. This new fire is self-feeding from the fuel hopper within the stove, which is stoked up twice a day. Rate of burning is thermostatically controlled by a dial, giving any heat desired. Permanently closed, the fire can always be seen through the heat resistant glass panel. Designed for smokeless fuels, it costs less than 1d. an hour to run. Space heating capacity : 2,000 to 3,500 cu. ft. Finish : copper, black or Armesse. Price : £28 10s.

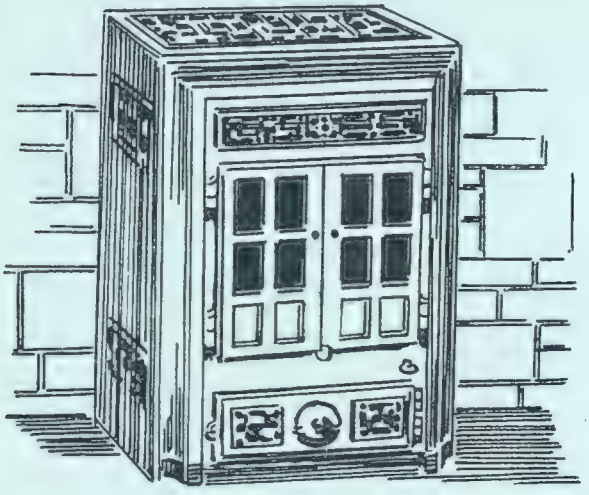
Panel: Wonderful to have a fire that seals off smoke and flue dust. Design would fit in with one's TV set!

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



AMBER FIRE by Glow-Worm Boilers Ltd., Milford, nr. Derby. A self-contained convection unit that requires no structural alterations for standard 16- or 18-in. fireplaces. Fitted with adjustable air control and throat restrictor. Burns 1 to 1½ cwt. per week in winter, using solid and manufactured fuels of a required size. Will keep alight for at least 10 hours without attention. Space heating capacity : 1,750 cu. ft. Finish : beige or black vitreous enamel or Glowlustre, honey, pewter or copper. Special colours to order. Price : from £11 15s. 9d.

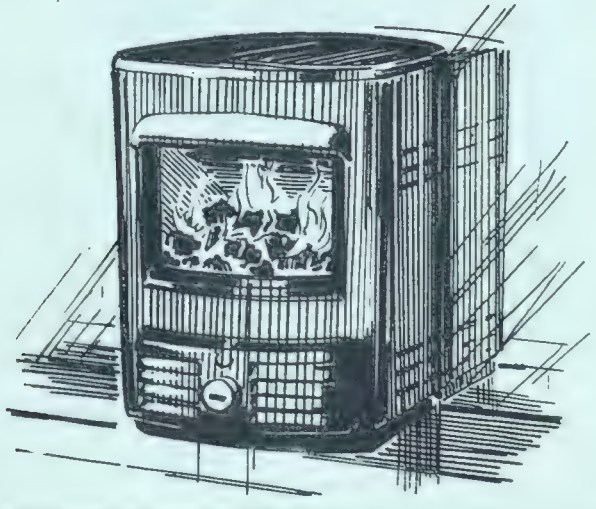
Panel: Dislikes the aggressive design—much too uncomfortable to sit by.



SUNEX STOVE by Walker, Hunter & Co., Ltd., Falkirk. This little giant with the warm heart comes in four sizes, variety of finishes and colours. Can be supplied without side or top plates for setting into an existing fireplace. Available with boiler and 3-in. high legs. Burns kitchen coal, which can be mixed with coke or anthracite, for an open fire, and anthracite for long-period burning. Spinner air regulator on ash door. Wire guard for use with open fire. Space heating capacity : 1,750 to 5,500 cu. ft. Price : £14 15s. to £32.

Panel: Universally approved—even to the dust-trap design!

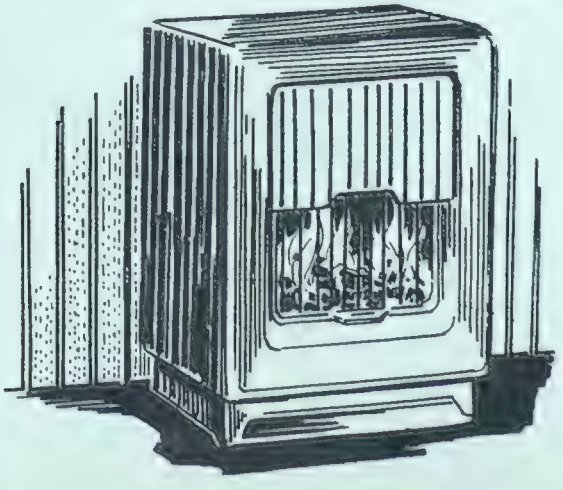
WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



VITESSE by Smith & Wellstood Ltd., Bonnybridge. This open convector fire incorporates a built-in spark guard for overnight burning and a shaking bottom-grate that clears the ash quickly and cleanly. For normal burning the spark guard is concealed in the top of the heater. Fuel consumption is easily regulated by adjusting the air control on the ashpit front. Draughts are eliminated by the restricted throat. With a consumption of 1¼ cwt. a week, it burns almost any kind of fuel. Space heating capacity : 3,000 cu. ft. Finish : ivory mottle, Esselusta enamel grey, green or copper. Price : from £15 10s.

Panel: Good, solid well-built stove. Mrs. MacKenzie thoroughly recommends it.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL



SOFONO SUNRAY by Grange-Camelon Iron Co., Ltd., Falkirk. A good-looking design that will fit happily in any surrounding. Available as a free-standing or inset model. The built-in fireguard of wire mesh gives added protection without obscuring the fire. When open, the guard is hidden behind the panel. Burns economically all types of fuel : coal, coke, anthracite and manufactured fuels, and is fitted with a variable throat restrictor. All night burning, consumes about 1½ cwt. coke per week. Space heating capacity : 1,500 to 2,250 cu. ft. Width : 18½ and 19 in. Finish : choice of colours. Price : £19 2s. to £24 0s. 8d.

Panel: Good design with a modern look. Miss Leigh gives it high marks.

WIFE-APPROVED by the EVE PANEL

LADY PAKENHAM PRESENTS THE PANEL'S VIEWS

Goodbye to cold corners

A WARM hearth is the centre of the home. Whoever heard of Charles Dickens's "cricket on the radiator"? But until recently the hearth meant a rallying point for dust and dirt.

Today that gloomy, smog-creating picture is changed. The panel have been astonished — and exhilarated — by the "new look" in fireplaces.

There are literally dozens of models available belonging to different types. No wonder the panel found it an intriguing choice and were not always in agreement!

But on one point they were unanimous: the old-fashioned plain grate is definitely "out." On almost every count—efficiency, labour-saving, health and hygiene, national economy—new heating appliances are a hundred per cent superior. There is only one respect in which the old fireplace still triumphs—elegance.

☆ ☆ ☆

CLOSED STOVES, the panel agreed, whether standing free in an alcove, on the hearth, or inset into the wall, win the highest marks for sheer *efficiency*. Jeanne MacKenzie cited a closed convector stove with a boiler as combining the maximum heat with minimum cost. But she would relegate this monster with the warm heart and grim exterior to the hall.

Turn now to a big class of favourites—**OPENABLE STOVES** with convected heat. Several of the panel felt that these combined the best of both worlds—efficiency and appearance. Openable stoves are only second in efficiency to closed ones. They become a glorious open fire when the doors are flung wide.

The panel picked out for praise many smooth modern designs, but there was a general feeling that stoves as a whole (and many fireplaces too) are not yet as attractive as they could be.

So now comes the turn of our old friend—the **OPEN FIRE.** But an open fire reconstructed, given a face-lift and a thorough-going internal overhaul, to suit the requirements of today! It will heat a moderately large room (round about 2,000 cubic feet) particularly if fitted with a *restricted throat.*

Those two magic words are the key to much progress in modern heating. Roughly, you half-throttle your chimney with a restricting plate and thereby control the amount of heat passing up it.

Convected heat can also now be combined with open fires as well as stoves. The panel much preferred the fires where the convector vents were cleverly concealed in the sides and top of the fire.

SUNK FIRES (for ground-floor rooms only) draw their air from under the floor, give excellent *low* heat, save labour.

All modern fires have special frontal devices to control the air passage. Even the simplest (and cheapest) will burn smokeless fuels. The more efficient ones have all-night burning appliances, either permanently fitted or as a special attachment.

One further point. The efficiency of a fireplace does not depend solely on its own design or number of devices. Two other essentials must also be present.

CORRECT AIR CONTROL. Miss Mary Leigh, of the Women's Advisory Council on Solid Fuel, who gave the panel so much help, told us that "Air control" was written on her heart! Even if the air control of your fire was perfect when you bought it, the conditions of your room or faulty installation, may spoil it. For instance, a draught-excluded room with fitted carpets and sealed doors and windows may produce a smoky chimney, despite all the throat restrictors and dampers in the world.

CORRECT SIZE. You must have the right size fireplace for the room. How many EVE readers know the size of their rooms? I have just measured mine—for the first time. It is 3,200 cubic feet (to get this measurement, multiply together the length, breadth and height of your room). No wonder the fire I bought only warms the room in Spring and Autumn.

So if you are thinking of buying a new fire, pay a visit or write to the experts first. Miss Mary Leigh and her staff at 18 South Molton Street, W.1, will give you excellent advice. *Important: always check that the fire you have chosen has been tested and approved by the Ministry of Fuel and Power.* If it is a new fire it will not be on the list immediately as it takes months to go through the rigid tests.

And remember! If all the right conditions are fulfilled, *solid fuel* is still the most economical heater of all.

★ *Members of the EVE panel are: Lady Pakenham (chairwoman), mother of eight children; Mrs. Jeanne MacKenzie, 34, mother of two; Mrs. Josephine Manser, 26, mother of two; Mrs. Antonia Selley, 36, mother of five children; Mrs. Suzanne Goodwin, mother of three children. And Miss Mary Leigh of the Women's Advisory Council on Solid Fuel.*

COMPARATIVE HEATING COSTS

Amount of heat used for comparison is 5 useful therms—about the amount produced by 1 cwt. of coal-burning fire or 2-Kw. electric fire for 73 hours a week

COAL

COAL PRICE PER CWT.		7/6	8/-	8/6	9/-	9/6	10/-
Cost of 5 useful therms	Old-type Open Fire	10/9	11/5	12/2	12/10	13/7	14/3
	Convector Open Fire	7/8	8/2	8/8	9/2	9/8	10/2
	Openable Stove	6/8	7/2	7/7	8/-	8/6	8/11

COKE

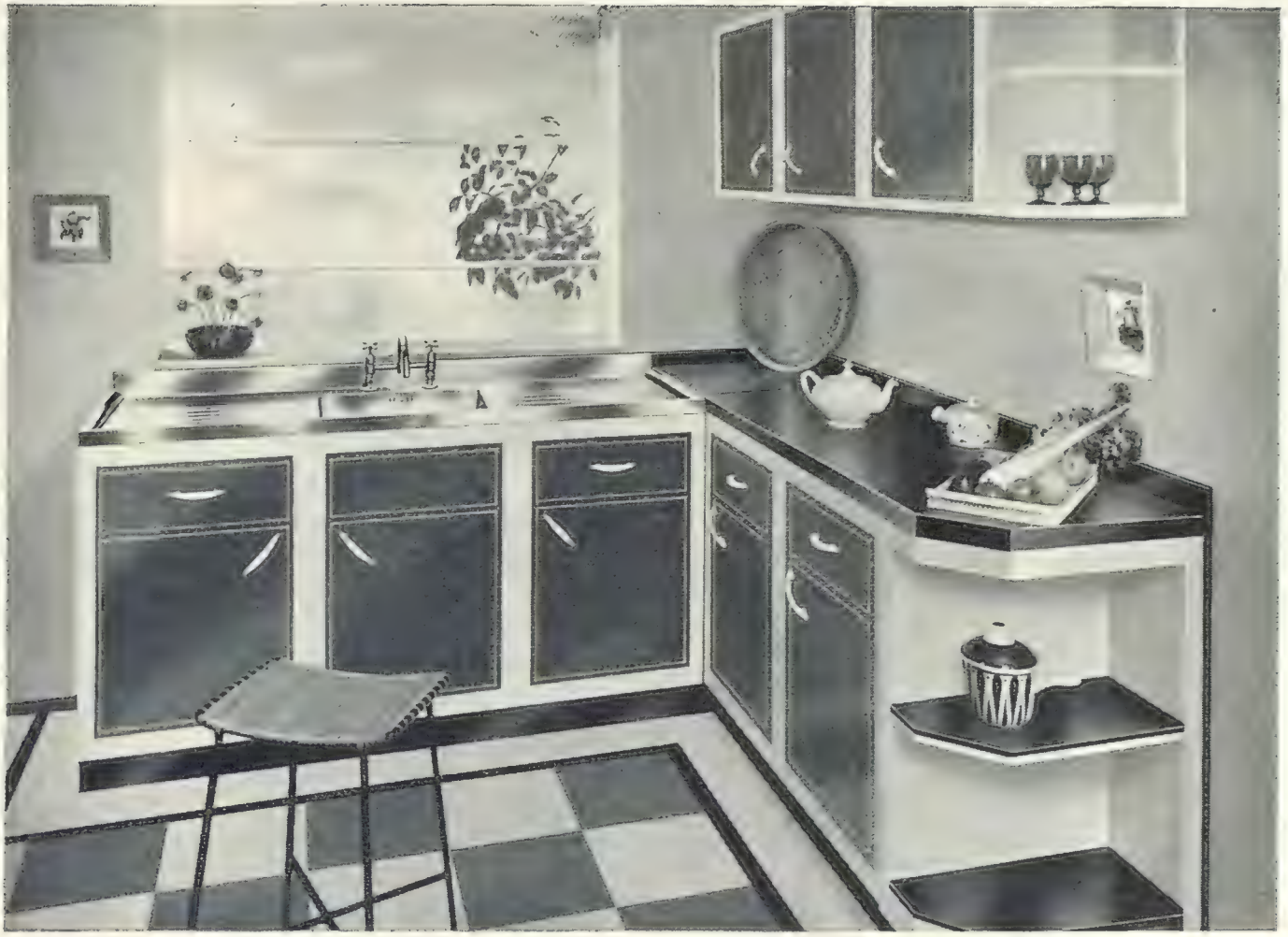
COKE PRICE PER CWT.		7/6	8/-	8/6	9/-	9/6	10/-
Cost of 5 useful therms	Convector Open Fire	6/2	6/7	7/-	7/5	7/10	8/3
	Openable Stove	5/7	5/11	6/4	6/8	7/1	7/5

GAS

GAS PRICE PER THERM		1/6	1/7	1/8	1/9	1/10	1/11
Cost of 5 useful therms	Usual Radiant Fire	15/-	15/10	16/8	17/6	18/4	19/2
	Convector Gas Fire	12/6	13/3	13/11	14/7	15/3	16/-

ELECTRICITY

ELECTRICITY PRICE PENCE PER UNIT		0.9	1.0	1.1	1.2	1.25	2.0
Cost of 5 useful therms	Electric Fire	11/-	12/3	13/5	14/8	15/3	24/5

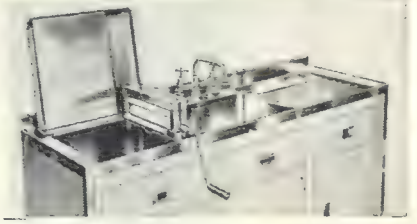


Every piece of Paul stainless steel and aluminium kitchen equipment is always made to that same high standard of British engineering that has won world-wide admiration. The sinks are completely sound-deadened — drawers run in and out on stainless steel slides: nothing rattles or rusts when made by Paul.

ILLUSTRATED ABOVE . . . is an addition to the famous Paul family — Paul Dalewood Range — beautiful units with wooden cabinets made to the same traditional standard. Available in many modern single or two-tone colours with working tops in stainless steel, Formica or Warerite.

RIGHT . . . Paul Wash Wonder, a double or single sink unit with a wonderful built-in electric washing machine complete with heater and wringer.

RIGHT . . . Paul Warma paraffin heater produces intense radiant and convected heat which can be adjusted to the degree of warmth required. Efficient. Economical. Portable.



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PAUL Kitchens

PROVED AND FOR THE

Photographs by Chris Moore

Rima Casuals make this spotted ski jacket in proofed poplin with zipper front and draw-string hood. In pale blue, black, red, charcoal or sky blue with white spots, price £13 5s. Pants, in matching colours, are of elasticized gaberdine for the snuggest, straightest fit, £15 10s. Both from Simpsons of Piccadilly. Goggles, mitts, ski boots from Lillywhites

PROOFED SNOW

Ski clothes can take to a winter walk, to a jaunt on the back of your favourite motor bike —or to your own run-around scooter

Fur hoods and snow scenes have an age-old alliance: here, a bright red anorak has a hood lined with black and white imitation leopard. One huge zipper pocket across the front, cuffed sleeves; £6 19s. 6d. Vorlage trousers of wool and crimped nylon, £11 0s. 6d. White horsehide ski mitts, £1 7s. 6d., steel ski sticks, boots, skis, all from Lillywhites, Piccadilly

Reversible ski jacket, by Anglomac, comes in Italian pink reversing to blue, black with ice blue, black with scarlet. Price, including peaked balaclava helmet and proofed mitts (neither shown), is £8 8s.; from Rowans of Glasgow; Lawrence, Charing Cross Road. Wool jersey hood, many colours, £1 9s. 6d., vorlage ski pants £11 0s. 6d.; both from Lillywhites

—PANTS AGAIN FOR THE "STAY HOME BY THE FIRE" GIRL . . .

For aprés-ski gaieties—or an evening at home. (Right) Dorville's skin-tight, chalk-pink cotton velvet pants, teamed with their Wild West fringed sweater. The sweater is in basic black wool, fringed in pink (our choice), blue, tan, and other colours. Pants £5 5s., sweater £3 15s., from Maryon shops throughout the country. (Left) Estrava's turquoise velvet taper slacks, worn with their matching shirt, in turquoise wallpaper-striped corduroy. Also in pink, or grey. Pants cost £3 19s. 6d., shirt £3 10s. 6d.; from the Sportswear Department, Dickins and Jones, Regent Street

Heraldic but harmonious : black and white velvet chequerboard jacket has rolled-cuff sleeves, two neat side slits. It costs £6 12s. 6d. from Lillywhites of Piccadilly. Worn with it, Londonus' black velvet taper trousers, also in turquoise, red, royal blue, £4 14s. 6d. from Liberty's, Regent Street. (In a thicker velvet, and seven colours, £5 5s. from James Howell, of Cardiff.) Our ski girl's suppling up for the next day's slopes on the Picas, a wonderful new Continental exerciser that stretches every single muscle in your body. £5 19s. 6d. Lillywhites, Piccadilly

THE GENTLE JUDO

● *I THOUGHT you needed the muscles of a female wrestler . . . I DISCOVERED there could be a time and place for judo in every girl's life, says Anne Grey*

◀ *There may be moments when you want to try a hold like this on the boy friend. The judo girl does it with a nonchalant flick of the wrist*

THE room was white and silent. Even the thud of falling bodies was muffled by thick matting. They spun in arcs across the room or lay writhing on the ground. . . .

It was a judo class. I was there to find out all about the Gentle Art—and just HOW gentle it really is.

I'd always imagined judo as a mysterious kind of unarmed combat taught to Japanese wrestlers and English policewomen.

That was BEFORE I saw a picture of debs doing it—tossing grown men over their shoulders with nonchalant flicks of the wrist.

Judo, I decided, could fit into any girl's life. So I went along to see Mr. Percy Sekine, director of the Judokan Club and ex-chief instructor of the original Budokwai Club, the first amateur European judo club, formed in 1918.

The judo "rooms" in his club are converted squash courts with white walls. The floors are covered with white canvas spread over coco-nut matting and the clothes, or *judogi*, are also white.

As we watched the pairs of interlocked figures clasped like dancers until one gained a sudden advantage, Mr. Sekine told me of the origin of judo.

In ancient Japan, the Samurai or warrior class were trained to kill. Even if they were disarmed during battle, the rule was still kill to survive. So the Samurai were taught a lethal kind of unarmed combat called ju-jutsu.

There were many schools that taught this commando-type training. In 1882 a Dr. Jigoro Kano formed his own.

It was different in one important respect. His school included many of the teachings of the old ju-jutsu masters, but they were adapted or modified into a sport instead of being a means to sudden death. He called it "judo," meaning the gentle art.

As we watched, Mr. Sekine occasionally shouted instructions—incomprehensible to me—to the figures on the mats below. Once he leaped up, a tough dark-headed figure moving as smoothly as a black cat, to demonstrate the exact turn of the hip necessary to spin one man in a wheeling arc over the shoulder of the other.

I asked what were the qualities most necessary in learning judo. "Self-confidence and quick thinking," he said firmly.

"IF you are self-confident you are relaxed," he explained. "And if you are relaxed you can learn better, balance more easily, move more quickly. Nervousness is fatal, because it brings tension which stops the body responding quickly."

I asked what were the daytime occupations of most of the club members. "Oh, we've all sorts," said Mr. Sekine cheerfully, "from errand boys to princes."

"But what about girls?" I asked anxiously.

Mr. Sekine looked at the ground. "We have a women's class on Sunday mornings," he said. "Very often women pick it up as quickly as men—at the beginning. They're quick, and light on their feet, and because they're not as strong as men they have to get all the movements technically correct to throw an opponent, so their style has to be good from the beginning. But. . . ." "But what?" I said nervously.

"Well, to be quite frank, judo *isn't* a woman's sport. A woman lacks the combative instinct that urges a man to overcome his opponent in a hand to hand

GIRLS . . .

physical contest. She may have competitive spirit, but that isn't the same thing.

"It isn't because they're afraid of being injured. There isn't much risk of that in judo if you learn how to throw and fall correctly—but because women aren't fighters in that sense. Most of the girls who come here feel embarrassed or silly during their first lessons."

Mr. Sekine paused for breath. I thought. It was quite true. *It seemed more natural to me to be watching from a ringside seat than to be learning how to deposit a girl friend on her backside.* But another aspect struck me. "Surely judo *is* useful to girls, from the point of view of self-defence? I mean, if one found oneself in an awkward situation, for instance."

He looked at me sharply. "Such as?"

"Well, if an escaped convict jumped out from behind a hedge. Or a drunk chased one down a lane. Or a boy friend got too ardent. Something like that could happen to anybody sooner or later."

"Your last example's probably the most likely. The answer there is to make up your mind beforehand what your line of conduct's going to be. Then you can avoid that particular awkward situation, or—not," he said crisply, with a look that plainly meant : "And you ought to know What's What by now."

"What about convicts . . . and drunks?" I murmured.

"They aren't as common as one might imagine. But you'd have a great advantage there if you *did* know judo," he agreed.

"How long would it take me to learn enough for self-defence?" I asked.

"About six months. We have a beginners' course twice a week, and beginners take six weeks or so to reach the lowest in the scale of qualifications—6th Kyu. Kyu means pupil, incidentally. Then they're entitled to wear a white sash."

WE came to the jackpot question—"Is judo an expensive sport?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Sekine. "Rates vary, but at my club the subscription is six guineas a year, which entitles members to come three times a week for anything up to six hours each time, and for three hours on Saturday as well. Most clubs have comparable rates. Apart from that, the beginners' course costs three guineas, and the judo outfit three pounds."

I looked again at the clothes—tough pedal-pusher jeans, a loose jacket belted round the middle and rope-soled sandals tied to the feet with two thongs. Mr. Sekine followed my glance. "Those clothes are supposed to represent ordinary outdoor clothing—the sort of thing a possible attacker would be wearing," he said. "And even if you never have to use judo on a convict, a drunk or a difficult boy friend, it's wonderful exercise—keeps you balanced and supple and teaches you how to move agilely."

As I left, the showers were hissing as members changed after the evening's practice.

"Perhaps you'd like to know our motto?" said Mr. Sekine as we reached the door.

He pointed to a Japanese sign on the wall, and translated : "One for all and all for one."

JEAN RICHARDSON'S BEAUTY-BOX

Let's face it—it's the time for the not-so-beautiful treatments like tonics, tone-ups and chilblain cures

JANUARY, traditional make-up-your-mind month, has brought a crop of beautifying products, applications and tonics that pay fine dividends—*with persistence.*

Starting from the top, the first enemy to good grooming is dandruff. Flakes in the hair, a white powder on the collar—*UGH !* But **Banish,** by **Max Factor,** dispatches them easily and quickly. It's a fresh, peppy lotion, neither greasy nor sticky, with its own applicator, price 5s. 3d. a bottle.

Another, once-weekly, dandruff enemy is **Sebbix** shampoo. The sachet form has a one-up feature : one edge is nicked, so that you can rip the corner off without having to find a pair of scissors—or resort to your teeth.

I'd like to emphasize, though, that for serious hair troubles, from scurf to lankness, your best bet is to consult a trichologist.

These "hair doctors" are experts on the causes of skin and scalp troubles; will advise you on their cure. **Dumas** of Albemarle Street, who considers this service of the greatest importance, offers a free consultation, with succeeding treatments a guinea apiece.

My chief trouble in the New Year is removing extra poundage. After Christmasing generously, the temptation is to say, "Never mind—it keeps me warm." But I've found two painless ways to help slim down.

☆ ☆ ☆

From Sweden comes the **Carrugan Milk Diet.** You add Carrugan, a white powder, to a glass of milk, watch it turn into a semi-solid yoghourt-like drink before your eyes—and swallow instead of lunch or dinner. You can either have several complete "Carrugan days" or take it instead of a midday or evening meal. Price 19s. per tin, from : Miller, 13 Golden Square, London, W.1, or branches of Lewis & Burrows.

Sweet-tooths will welcome **Saxin,** a sugar substitute to spoon into your tea, or sift into your cake-baking. So you needn't exclude that extra cup of tea from your diet—as the calories aren't there. Saxin costs 1s. 6d. (per hundred-tablet tube); for a Saxin recipe book, write to Burroughs Wellcome & Co., 183 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

Hands and feet generally take a beating in the winter, from chilblains, chaps and cracks. There's a new chilblain cure out, in either tablet or cream form.

Pernivit tablets—3s. for a bottle of fifty—should be taken before the really cold weather starts, to prevent the chilblains coming. But, if they've started already, these tablets should cure them. **Pernicream**—for those who can never remember to swallow pills !—is to rub on fingers and toes, to relieve soreness or irritation.

But *don't* rub it on a broken chilblain. It costs 2s. 11d. per tube.

Help for hands is **Syl,** 3s. per tube, a protective barrier cream containing Silicones—latest wonders of the age. *In the same way that Silicones proof a fabric so that tea, fruit juice, cocoa or gin don't penetrate the surface sufficiently to stain it, so they protect your hands from dirt, from the damaging irritation of a too-strong detergent bleach, or other household chemical.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Fact-finders will be fascinated to learn that a human fingernail grows twice as fast in hot weather as in cold. One of the morals seems to be that your nails need double the attention. **Cresto Nail Revitalizer,** 3s. 4d., is a herbal compound that stimulates growth and builds firm, healthy nails. It tastes bitter, too, discouraging potential nail-biters.

For feet—and tired feet mean a tired face—**Rose Laird** has brought out **Foot Balm,** 7s. 3d. a jar. Use it at night : wash and dry your feet carefully, then massage Foot Balm thoroughly over soles, insteps and between the toes, to soothe aching or tender feet. *It's medicated, and greaseless, so don't worry about your stockings.*

Friction Foucaud—the first French antiseptic eau de Cologne—is another foot comforter. Its antiseptic properties help to clear up all sorts of skin blemishes as well, from spots on the back to athlete's foot. The cost is 7s. 6d. for a 4 oz. bottle; if your local chemist doesn't stock it, write to Crescent Preparations Ltd., 22 Sussex Street, London, S.W.1.

Maybe you haven't any complaint in particular—but are just feeling slightly below par. A good Winter booster is **Multivite,** 3s. 6d. These pills—small and chocolate-coated—contain vitamins of the A, B, C and D groups which build up your vitality and energy reserves.

Every now and then I meet an unfortunate with a skin allergic to ordinary cosmetics. Hay fever, catarrh, or nettle rash results when they powder and paint like the rest of us. But there's a special range of beauty products made for these people that doesn't contain any of the allergy-provoking ingredients. The **Queen** toilet preparations (lipsticks, powders, creams and lotions) are made by **Boutalls Chemists Ltd.,** 60 Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Write to them for information or supplies.

Let's end off on a brighter note : with a new range of men-only shaving creams and lotions. They're made in Sweden, for Gala, who've thoughtfully christened them White Horse. Sample prices are 5s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. for the small-size after-shave Lotion and Cologne, 4s. 9d. for Talc, 6s. 6d. the Shaving Bowl.

Young Daphne learns to swim

Proud as a peacock — Daphne. Always was a keen 'Water Baby' at home, but never quite made the grade. Yet here she is after 3 days at sea, joining in confidently with the rest.

That's the sort of thing a P & O cruise does for you. Everybody, young and not so young, full of health and high spirits. It may be the good food, the comfortable quarters, the new, exciting experiences or the gay, happy companions. Whatever it is, the magic is there. Years are shed and people dance, swim, go sightseeing with a zest and a zing they had almost forgotten.

So shake off the old work-a-day world. Come cruising this summer and bring the family too. P & O have fixed a grand programme offering you sunshine and fun all the way.

You won't know yourself on a **P & O** *cruise*

Ask your Local Travel Agent for complete 1957 programme

P & O 14/16 COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1. WHITEHALL 4444

KING'S MEDAL

He was one of the grateful rich) are not always so

THE RETURN OF WHISPERING ROY

BREAK for RECORDS

The twelve months of 1931 have gone down in history as a year of widespread unemployment and continuous financial crises. It was the year Britain was forced off the gold standard. It was also the year that London's socialites first danced at the Monseigneur Restaurant to the smooth music of a slim, young bandleader, newly arrived from America named **Roy Fox.**

Fox was to become a favourite of the smart set; his conductor's baton was diamond tipped. His band travelled in a luxury coach embodying a cocktail bar, shower bath and refrigerator.

Because he played a softly muted cornet and his signature tune was called "Whispering" he was known as "the Whispering Cornetist."

☆ ☆ ☆

Fox stayed at the top in that golden era of British dance music until he left the country, his health broken by overwork, in 1938.

When he returned after the war to stage a big come-back he flopped. He faced the bankruptcy courts. The diamond had gone from his baton. . . . And so he quit the business in which few have risen so high—or fallen so hard.

Now Decca are reissuing on extended play records some of Fox's hits of that turbulent year 1931 . . . songs like "Oh Mo'nah," "Corrine Corrina" and "Minnie the Moocher" with vocals by **Al Bowlly** *(died 1941),* **Nat Gonella** *and* **Lew Stone**, *both now in comparative obscurity.*

☆ ☆ ☆

At fifty, Fox is now essaying a new career, managing artists (actors, not musicians). I asked him how his music sounded after a quarter of a century.

"Some of it sounds a little dated, of course," he said. "But I think some of those arrangements could stand up to today. Y'know, I'm not too keen on bands today, it seems if they don't blow your ears off they're not a success."

Fox's assessment is fair. These "pops" of the pre-rock 'n roll age will evoke nostalgia for many. But if they bring back memories to you, I wouldn't shout about it . . . you're older than you want people to think!

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From yesteryear to the hyper-modern and **Mel Torme's** *"It's a Blue World" (London LP). Torme is a "pop" singer with a difference, the outstanding stylist of today, a musician's singer who uses his voice like a musical instrument. Though it's strange that for long-play records even he chooses to rely on oldies like "Wonderful One" and "Stay as Sweet as You Are."*

—HENRY LEWIS.

FOR THE DOCTOR . . .

ones—but some patients (even when they're

thoughtful, the surgeon discovered

I AM *allergic* to hospitals. Their antiseptic smell starts my heart bumping; the sight of shining steel forceps in one of those kidney-shaped enamel dishes makes me go cold.

But for many the operating theatre has a macabre fascination, the scalpel a magic aura. They delight in talk of appendectomies and tonsillectomies, amputations and trepanning. How else can one explain the present spate of books by doctors?

No sooner has a surgeon put down his scalpel, than he takes up the pen to reveal the ghastly details. They are rushing to pour out their gory reminiscences quicker than Scotland Yard detectives or servants of the Royal Family.

Recent books have covered surgery at home, surgery abroad, surgery on land and at sea, in clinically spotless theatres and the steaming jungle. They range from the comic (like **Richard Gordon's** *Doctor In The House*) through the exotic (like **E. W. Doell's** *Doctor Against Witchcraft*) to the titillating sex and crime mixture of **Charles Connell's** *Doctor In Soho*.

And still they come . . . . churned out like National Health Service prescriptions. Let us look at some of the latest batch.

☆ ☆ ☆

Charles F. Bove opened all the very best known people during his twenty-five years on the staff of the famous American hospital in Paris. He was surgeon to the famous, possessor of the finest international practice in the world.

And in his book, *A Surgeon In Paris* (Museum Press, 16s.) he names them—contrary to the usual practice of designating patients as Mr. A. or Madame B.

Bove's patients included **Adolphe Menjou, Queen Marie of Rumania, Chaliapin, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and King Alexander of Yugoslavia** (who decorated him).

Then there was **Ernest Hemingway**. Bove operated on him for appendicitis when Poppa was a young newspaper reporter. Perpetually broke he went into the free ward. Two days after he had been wheeled out of the theatre Bove found him sitting up in bed beating out a novel on a portable typewriter.

There was **Aimee Semple McPherson,** the hot gospeller, whose worshippers showered her with millions of dollars. But she came to Bove wearing her oldest clothes, gave a false name, pleaded poverty and beat down his modest fee for an abdominal operation. He did not find out her identity until her publicity men started their operations.

There was **General Pershing.** When Bove found him walking about and told him to go back to bed the general declared, "I will not stay in bed." "General" retorted Bove, "I remember how you gave orders and everyone obeyed. Now I *order* you back in bed for the next three days and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it." The general obeyed.

☆ ☆ ☆

Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match monopolist, offered Bove shares in his empire as an expression of gratitude. The shares were greatly in demand and Bove accepted. Then Kreuger shot himself and it was found that he had perpetrated gigantic swindles. His empire foundered and Bove lost his money.

Another patient was **Pierre Laval,** later executed for treason. He had greasy hair, bad teeth which he continually explored with a toothpick.

Bove's book is tautly and professionally written, moving swiftly over his years in Paris until he sailed for home after the fall of France (during which he had performed miracles of primitive roadside surgery) with nothing but the clothes he wore.

☆ ☆ ☆

George Sava, with more than a dozen books and innumerable operations behind him, is now a veteran of medical memoirs. His latest chapter of autobiography is *Surgeon At Large* (Faber, 15s.).

At the beginning of 1950 Sava was warned to take things more easily He decided to go abroad, forget he was a doctor and stay away from hospitals, clinics and medical schools.

What happened? On the aircraft on which he was travelling a girl became gravely ill. She suffered from leukaemia. Sava had to perform an emergency transfusion of blood from a fellow passenger who volunteered to be a donor, using improvised equipment, the glass from his watch, a pocket magnifying glass from another patient and a knife from the stewardess.

In Australia, South America and the United States he found himself equally unable to avoid calls on his skill. The adventures and experiences that he can cram into a year are almost incredible.

Bethel Solomons writes of surgery of another kind in *One Doctor In His Time* (Johnson, 18s.). He is a gynaecologist and former Master of the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, the most famous maternity hospital in the world.

Every year, on average, there are six thousand births — and seven hundred calls on the surgeons at the Rotunda. When Solomons started there he wore frock coat and silk hat and travelled to confinements either in a jaunting car or on foot followed by a crocodile of up to thirty medical students.

Commenting on the habit of women to "idolize and idealize" their doctors—"especially those who take care of them in confinements"—he observes casually: "Women ask the most extraordinary things. On two occasions at least I have been asked by women patients whose husbands were sterile, to oblige them. Needless to say, I refused these open invitations in the same way as I have refused several insinuated ones."

Solomons's book has much charm and wisdom. His and the others have increased my already sincere admiration and respect for the skill and selflessness of doctors and surgeons. But I shall never rush to reach books involving tracheotomy (as does Bove's), splenectomy (as does Sava's) and ovariotomy (Solomons's.). Anyone want to hear the story of *my* operation?

☆ ☆ ☆

OPPORTUNITY (1) In a cubicle in an American song publishers' offices a teenage youth sat at a piano every day pounding out the firm's wares for the benefit of bandleaders, singers and other potential customers. In his spare time the boy wrote songs—but when he offered them to his boss, he was told, "You're paid to play the piano, not to write songs. We've plenty of songwriters under contract."

David Ewen tells this story in *A Journey To Greatness* (W. H. Allen, 18s.). The boy? **—George Gershwin.**

OPPORTUNITY (2) A dark and beautiful teenage Persian girl was studying English in London when she was summoned to Claridge's to meet Princess Shams, sister of the Shah. Asked the Princess: "Do you want to become Empress of Persia?"

The girl's photograph had been seen by the Shah's mother, who decided she might make a suitable consort for her son. Today the girl is **Queen Soraya.**

Newspaperman **Walter W. Krause** tells the fascinating story in *Soraya, Queen Of Persia* (Macdonald, 21s.).

FICTION SHELF: *Mr. Arkadin* (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) is **Orson Welles's** first novel, a Harry Lime-ish story of postwar Europe on which the film *Confidential Report* was based. It shows one can try to be *too* versatile. But it makes light reading for a journey.

The Barlowes Of Beddington by **Warren Chetham-Strode** (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.) is an unpretentious and easy-to-read story of the headmaster and his wife known to millions of radio listeners.

H. Joyce Blackley's *The Compassionate Lady* (Bodley Head, 15s.) is a story of country life in eighteenth-century England in which the upper classes exclaim "Faith," "Lud" and "Tush" and the lower orders use phrases like "'E ain't no call vor to vind ess a plaize, zino. Ess bain't no sort o' use to'n, no more." Egad!

WINE

Claret (in bottle) grows old gracefully

CLARET—or Red Bordeaux—is for many people the greatest wine of all. Certainly it is the king of beverage wines.

The name derives from the French *clairette*, meaning a clear wine. Good claret is clear in every sense of the word—no purer, less acid, less adulterated, more natural wine exists in any part of the world. But half the enjoyment of Claret lies in its complex shades of refinement, character and breeding.

Claret is a deep wine for study, for its nuances are infinitely varied, and its appeal often attractively veiled. Nevertheless it is an ideal wine for any beginner to start with. A good working knowledge of claret puts one more than half-way towards a fine appreciation of all wines.

☆ ☆ ☆

Claret comes from the great wine - producing county of the Gironde, in south-west France. Down the jutty peninsula to the south, and all around the lower waterlands where the Garonne and the Dordogne rivers join the long estuary, fine wine is made in abundance thanks to the ideal climate, the lie and slope of the multitudinous vineyards, the soils and the centuries-old experience of the vignerons.

☆ ☆ ☆

The vintage is in September as a rule, and the grapes are often foot-pressed, always in vessels of oakwood. Some cheaper wine is bottled after about a year for early consumption, but the bulk of each vintage remains in oak casks for two or three years before it reaches the bottle.

No other wine has gained so much from the invention of the cork: for claret matures and improves in bottle to an extraordinary degree, until an old claret (not old when compared with a vintage port or madeira, by the way) is superb in balance, body, flavour, aroma and vinosity.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down about the age of claret. Some are ready at five years, others have been found best at fifty. Experience, and the guidance of a good merchant, will tell with each variety of wine. Since the war clarets have been drunk much younger than formerly, and 1943, 1945, 1947 and similar vintages are regularly offered, and consumed. But, in the view of many older wine-lovers, they have nowhere near matured to their peak of perfection. Yet in Bordeaux they often drink their own wines young.

The very range of claret is always bewildering, without the tortuous byways of classified growths, studded with puzzling chateau names.

☆ ☆ ☆

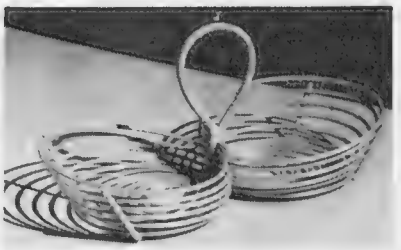
There are so many hundreds of growers in the Bordeaux region, most of whom press their own wine, that official recognition had to be given to the pick of them all. Hence the famous 1855 Classification, which lists under five growths (or vineyards) sixty top-flight wines, each designated with the name of the chateau where it is made, and the commune, or district in the area—like Chateau Lafite, Pauillac, or Chateau Lascombes, Margaux. They are the cream of the red Bordeaux wines, but outside them are dozens, if not hundreds, of first-class wines. It is a mistake to despise a good wine not in the first sixty: many, like Chateau Laujac, Begadan, are very fine.

☆ ☆ ☆

In the classical order, claret accompanies entrées, roasts and game. In practice it goes well with any meat, and many savoury dishes, while the unorthodox experts find nothing strange in drinking it with fish. As that great connoisseur King Edward VII used to say about these red wines: "You admire their colour in the glass, you inhale their flavour, you sip them, and then . . . you talk about them."

—D. G.

Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★ Eve's good buys ★



Fruit, rolls and sweetmeats look that much more attractive when they're well presented. This cane basket is Danish. Costs 16s. 6d., Postage 1s. 2d. From Eva Hauser Gallery

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Old favourite in a new form: Johnsons Red Tile Wax is ideal for indoor and outdoor use on tiles, cement, bricks or whatever. Has a high degree of water repellency. Costs 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. From most stores

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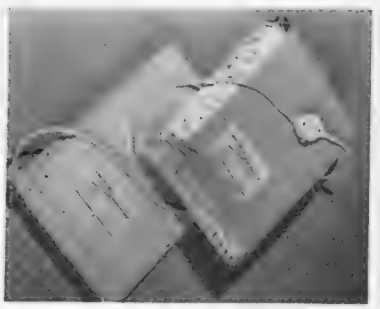

Jack Frost at bay: what better than the luxury of a well-warmed bed on a cold winter night. Premier electric blankets give a temperature slightly above body heat, are guaranteed for twelve months. "Quilty," made of fleecy duplex material in pink costs £5 12s. 7d. From leading stores and electricity showrooms

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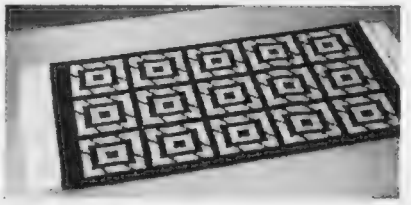
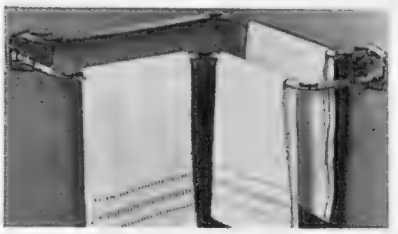
Contemporary minded? "Sapphire" rugs attractively designed in many colour combinations including charcoal/yellow, green/yellow. Made by John Crossley & Sons, Halifax, in three sizes. From about 3½ guineas From Maples, W.1





Space-saver: good idea for large families and small bathrooms. Twin towel bar fits into a corner, gives a drying space of 56 in. With a lustre chrome finish that won't dull or scratch. The bar is fluted to ensure that the towels do not slip. Costs 17s. 6d. From Selfridges, W.1. (not available till mid-January)

On ice: table top refrigerator from English Electric provides ample storage space for the average family and a 22 in. square working surface. Useful feature is a storage tray below the freezer for meat or fish. Costs £69 15s. 3d.

SECURITY AFFAIR

(Continued from page 45)

had given you a time-bomb and told you to keep it under your bed until it exploded he could hardly have done you a worse turn."

His blue eyes opened wide at that and he took his hand quickly from hers. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I'm a scientist of sorts," she said. "After I came down from Cambridge I got a job with Consorts, the iron people. They were making casings for certain kinds of rockets.

"Out of the blue Security asked for me. They had been in and out of Consorts. We had jobs on the secret list and I'd come in touch with them once or twice. I agreed. I did a certain amount of routine work. Then I got this assignment.

"We knew Robert Crossman was coming to Paris yesterday. For some time they'd been suspicious and he'd been watched. I had to make contact with him and pass him on to a certain agent."

"Now the pieces begin to fall into place," he said quietly. "They know me?"

"This man doesn't unless he was shadowing your hotel. Sometimes there is a kind of localized responsibility. No agent knows too many links in the chain."

"I'm at the St. Philippe, close to the Opera."

"If they've already found the things your cousin asked you to bring over, you're in terrible danger."

HE looked at her for a long moment before replying. "Can I ask you one question?"

"Of course."

"Why have you told me all this? It alters everything, doesn't it?"

"Yes. I know."

"I should congratulate you on your most convincing fall crossing the road. It took me in completely."

She looked away, up at the pink candles, at an almost empty restaurant. Anywhere but at him.

"I was certain," she said slowly. "And I *had* to be."

"I don't quite understand. You thought I was my cousin, Robert?"

"Don't please. I *was* certain. I lied when I phoned."

"Then why, why? Why all this?"

"There was only one thing that was wrong."

"Yes?"

"I knew I could never have liked Robert Crossman."

He lifted her hand and kissed it. Then she began to cry, trying to hide her face.

"Come on, we must go," he said.

He called to the *maître d'hôtel* that he would settle his bill later and stopped a taxi in full flight. This time the hood was up and gently he took her in his arms and kissed her wet, tear-stained face. Suddenly she was kissing him.

"Oh it's all so crazy and so wonderful," she said. "Things like this don't happen."

They went up in a creaking lift to his room at the hotel. He unlocked the wardrobe, took out a brief case. Inside was a small parcel. He cut the knotted string. Stuffed between cotton wool, were four miniatures.

He turned them over. In the back of the first lay a circlet of fair, soft hair.

The second also held a lock of hair but in the third was a tiny package of oiled silk. Hilary's fingers trembled as she opened it. Inside lay a dozen very fine strands, whitish grey.

"These look like fuse fibres," she said. "Possibly a fibre resistant to radio-active transferences so that an actual explosion could be set at a predetermined time."

"Was your cousin a chemist?"

"Much as I am. Normally he wouldn't have anything to do with research nor would he have access to the formulae—that is, the secret ones. He was on production."

"I was wondering," Hilary said slowly. She pointed to some figures on the inside of the miniature case. "These might be retort temperatures, resistance points. If I'm right, with this data and actual samples, a chemist could get back to the basic ingredients."

PHILIP nodded. "I don't understand," he said. "Robert's a queer sort. At one time he was very well off but it's mostly gone now. I suppose he wanted money very badly."

"I've got some sort of understanding for a traitor who acts for what he considers ideals. But I've none for a man who is prepared to sell his country for cash."

She folded the oiled silk, putting it in her bag.

"I must get through to London. It's strictly against orders to reverse the calls but this time it's vital."

Hilary told Philip the number and he took up the house phone. When he replaced the instrument he said, "There's a delay. About half an hour."

"Who was the man you had to contact?" she asked.

"Pierre Lespy, 14 Avenue Clichy."

Philip got the number but there was no reply. "Perhaps they've picked him up already. What had you to do next?"

"Telephone at five," she said. It was a quarter to.

"You can get through before London comes on."

She nodded and gave him the number. Philip handed her the receiver as a man's voice answered. "This is Hilary."

"Oh yes, Hilary? Have you arranged for the buses to pick up our people outside the Madeleine?"

"Yes. They're to be forty-four seaters."

"Each with a hostess?"

"Yes."

"Are you certain yet?"

"Quite. This is the *wrong* man."

"Repeat that."

"I said this is the wrong man. Only he's brought the luggage with him. His *cousin's* luggage. I've put a call through to London and am waiting for it now."

"Have you made the local contact yet?"

"We phoned a few minutes ago but got no reply."

"Where are you?"

"Hotel St. Philippe."

"Is your door locked?"

"Yes."

She swung round. Very slowly, without any sound, the key was turning in the lock.

"Hold on!" Hilary shouted and ran to the door, thrusting in the bolt as the key dropped to the carpet. Leaning against the door, she felt it jerk inwards. Philip threw his weight beside her.

She went back to the telephone. "Thank you. That was just in time. We were about to have a visitor."

"We thought as much. We are close at hand. What's your room number?"

"113. Third floor."

She heard the phone click. Philip was still by the door.

"Monsieur Crossman?" The voice was muffled by the door. "Monsieur Crossman, I have come for the miniatures. All morning I waited for you to ring me. Please admit me at once."

HILARY, by the window, was watching the street below. A car drew up against the kerb and two men jumped out and ran into the hotel.

She went to Philip, whispering, "Talk to him. Keep him there."

In French Philip said, "Monsieur Lespy? But first, your credentials."

"There should be four miniatures. None of the first class. Three women, one a child. Is that not correct?"

Philip hesitated. "Describe the dresses."

"One has a blue fichu over a white dress. Another has——"

Very faintly, through the door, came a strangled choke, almost a sob, then feet dulled by a carpet, retreating.

Hilary ran back to the window and Philip followed her.

Three men suddenly appeared, truncated by the height and narrow angle of vision. The man in the centre might have been drunk, supported by tender companions. A hat was squashed well down on his head, his legs dragging limply. The door of the car opened and the two men lifted him in. It was all over in seconds.

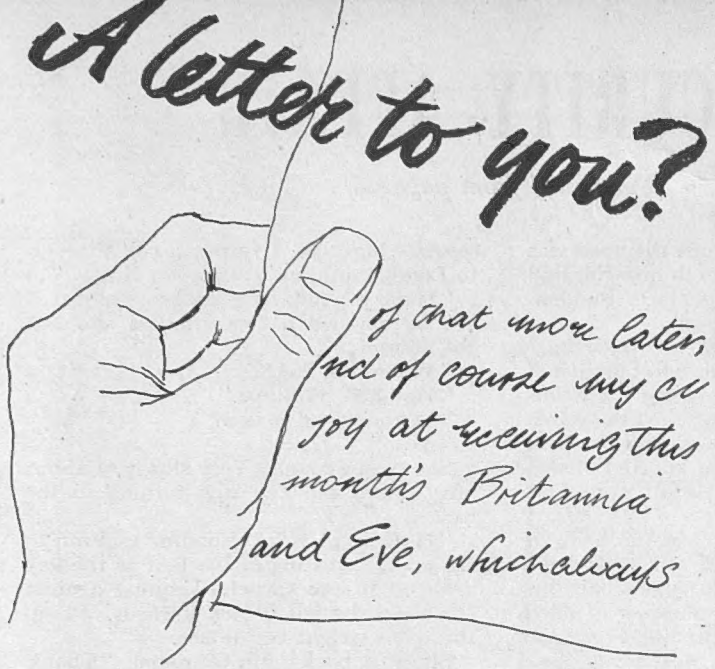
"When you speak to London," Philip said quietly, "I suppose it means they'll pick up Robert. Still, even that's better than. . . ." He nodded towards the street.

"It might have been you," she said, burying her head on his shoulder. » »

PARAMOUNT KNITTING MACHINES

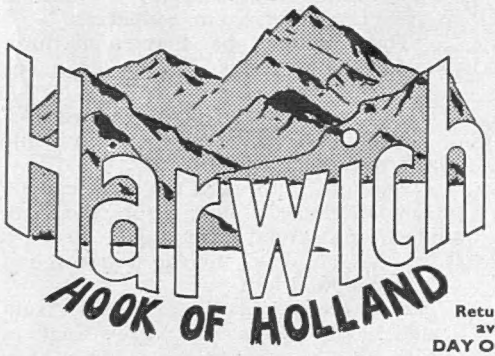
We have been asked to point out that in an advertisement for these machines on page 71 of our October issue, the illustrations, unfortunately, were transposed. The machine described as TEXILIA should have been MATADOR; the model captioned MATADOR was the TEXILIA.

A letter to you?



"... my joy at receiving this month's Britannia and EVE..." You see, she does appreciate your good thoughts and it really was worthwhile. Indeed, what better gift can one give, for a birthday or anniversary, to a friend at home or overseas? Britannia and EVE is a happy gift ... a constant reminder of YOU and it costs only 29/- for a year (Overseas 27/-). Your newsagent will arrange it for you. Alternatively write to The Publisher, Ingram House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

"THE GATEWAY TO THE CONTINENT"



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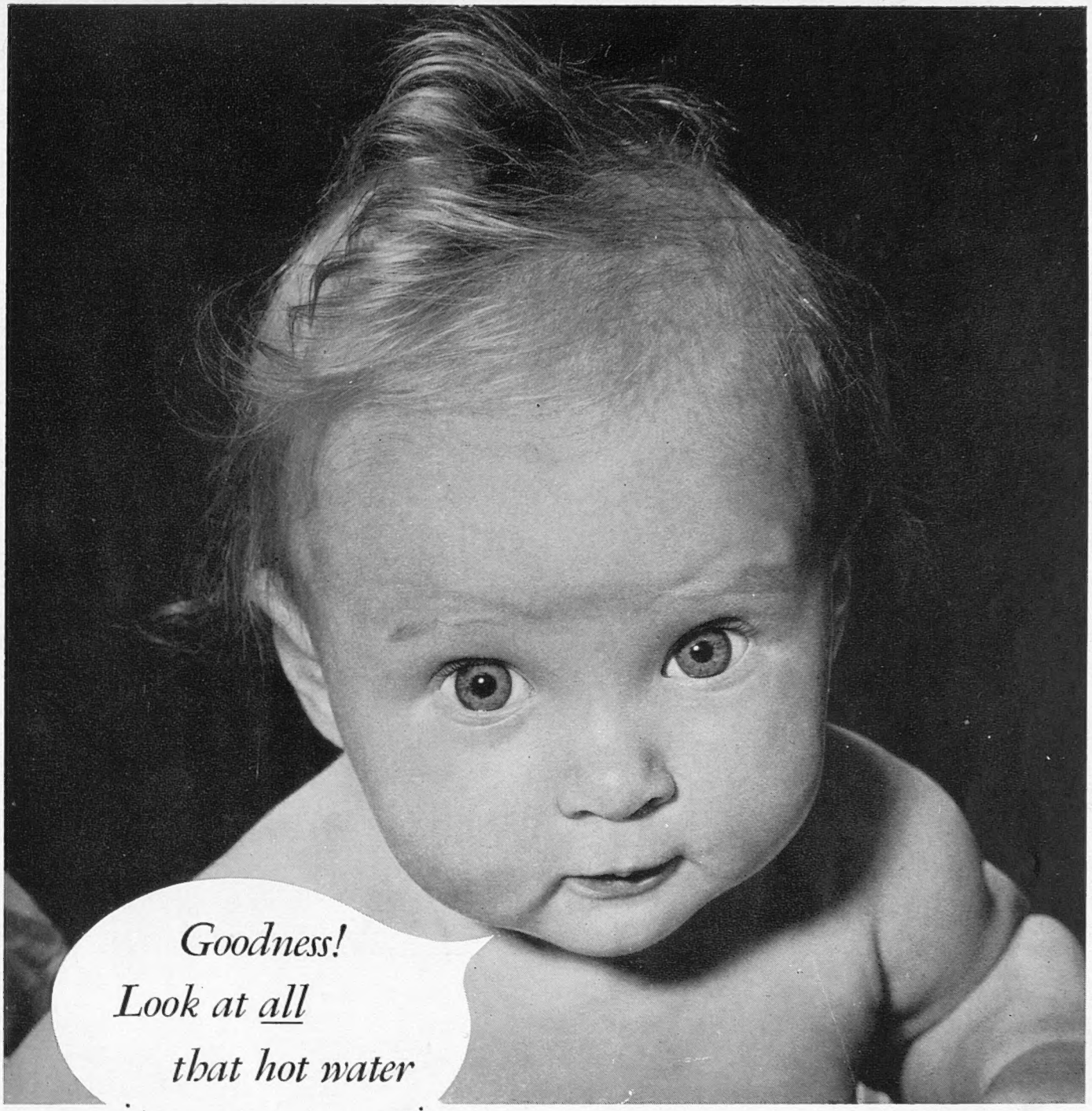
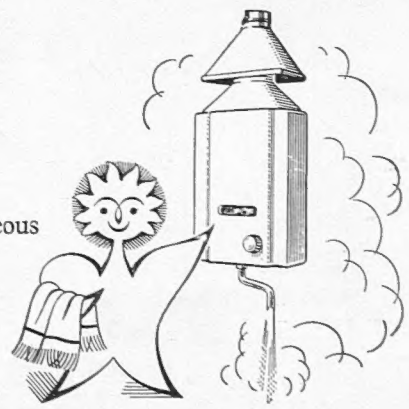


AND plenty of hot water is goodness, indeed! Hot water from a tap, as hot as you need it, as much as you want, for as long as you like, is the most labour-saving thing a mother and housewife can have in her home. And this is exactly what Mr. Therm can do for you with one of his instantaneous Gas water heaters. There are several types and sizes, at different prices, suitable for all households—all of them available on easy terms. Choose *your* model at the Gas Showrooms.



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